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THE EMIGRANT;

A POEM,

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY STANDISH O'GRADY, Esq. B. A., T. C. D.

Montreal:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED, FOR THE AUTHOR,

BY JOHN LOVELL.

1841.

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THE EMIGRANT

A POLY

IN FOUR PARTS

BY STANDISH O'NEAL, M. A. F. R. S.

THOMSON

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR

BY JOHN WATKINS

1841

Rutherford

Emery, F. and Treasury Res.

22.11.40

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Emor. F. and Treasury Recs.

POEMS.

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PREFACE.

**TO THE POPULATION OF THE PROVINCE OF
CANADA.**

**Submitting to the public this first following
Canto, I do so with every due sentiment of
respect.**

**From the locality of subjects I had to treat
on, I lament much a greater display of objects
have not presented themselves, to engage that
attention and effort of genius which might
otherwise awake something of more engag-**

ing matter at the moment; I trust, however, a finer prospect awaits me still. This expanded and noble continent will no doubt furnish fit matter for the Muse. The diversity of climate, the richness of soil, the endearing qualities of a genial atmosphere, must no doubt furnish a just excitement to the Poetic mind, and arouse that energy correspondent with a richness of scenery, which the contemplative mind will studiously portray.

As nothing is more remote to my purpose, let none imagine me an enemy to emigration; nothing, from my heart, do I desire more. This Lower Province, however, is not calcu-

lated to afford happiness to the European settler; the cold is excessive, and its winters are too long; those best inured to the climate, and the soil, are its best inhabitants,—I mean the French Canadians, who agree well among each other, and best subsist on a tolerable diet. The Upper Province is by far a more desirable emporium for our redundant population; a corresponding scenery, a mutual intercourse and fellow-feeling for each other, will at all times render them more familiar, and less estranged, in a country so similar to their own. I shall not now, anticipate the subject matter of my next Canto, which I promise

shall detail correctly every matter, poetically
described, for the instruction of my transat-
lantic friends.

With every respect for public opinion,

I now subscribe myself,

THE AUTHOR.

SOREL, November, 1841.

DEDICATION.

In the display of most authors, I have universally discovered as a set off to their writings, the usual appendage of a dedication, emblazoned with all flattering materials to feed the vanity of some great personage to whom it is addressed.

Now I am compelled to take a different proceeding, and so resolve to dedicate this first volume of mine to Nobody, nobody having kindly offered himself as my patron on this vast portion of the globe, to which both my-

self and my Muse are perfect strangers; thus, if it please nobody, I shall of course feel less disappointed than those who probably fall short of their vast designs in addressing the great. Though the Poem is addressed to Nobody, yet I trust it will be read over by every body,—many thanks to my kind subscribers (a few of whom I shall beg leave to enumerate in the precise order as I received them)—who have done me the honour to express their approval, by a partial perusal of the manuscript, and who, I make no doubt, will read over the remainder with an equal satisfaction, and induce the multitude in my favour.

A certain Poet in the lifetime of Dean Swift, presuming to address his works to this distinguished wit and patron of learning, sent him the copyright at his first onset, requesting the Dean's opinion and revision of the entire. The Dean did so, and with the strictest observance to punctuality, erased every line in the volume, and so sent it back to its author, a perfect blank in its whole vision, rectilinearly embellished with black strokes, to grace the intervening white spaces.

By this I learn it is a dangerous experiment to address great people, some amongst whom there are whose caprice may even lead them into error, and thereby consign the un-

lucky Poet to eternal obscurity. This safe mode shall I adopt, convinced as I am, I have nothing to apprehend from such an unlucky result; yet should I fall into the happy knack of pleasing every body, how fortunate must I be, possessing as I do, that dissimilarity of character so well illustrated by the old man in the fable, who to please every body succeeded with nobody, and lost his ass into the bargain.

I now subscribe myself,

The humble servant of

EVERY BODY,

Still dependant on

NOBODY.

THE EMIGRANT.

*Cælum non animum mutant,
Qui trans mare currunt.*

Horace.

What though you sail to distant climes or strand,
You leave your heart upon its native land,
The mind still rests within its kindred sphere,
Go where you will you only breathe fresh air.

CANTO I.

The day arrived, at length, with favouring gale,
Our main sails flutter, and our ships set sail ;
Now cheerly sings, each bold intrepid tar,
Crews of the ocean, and the Bullivar :
As stout our hearts as these, we onwards steer,
Yet fix our parting gaze on land Cape Clear. (1)
Land of my fathers, oft too rudely swayed
By new raised patriots, and their sons betrayed ;

How changed from virtues of the good old times,
When precept left no precedent for crimes,
When word was sacred, hence no mystic flaw,
And honour bright, promulgated the law ;
When word was deed, and kind successors found,
A sacred trust, by obligations bound ;
No local scribe, so technical to tell,
Where scarce one scrivener was known to dwell ;
Yet all prescribed, and faithful to the fact,
In simple language, bound them to the act.
Then swayed the crowner, with no graceless speed :
Well known, approaching on his *snow white steed*, (2)
And truant debtors, sought no rules to plead,
And good men smiled, and still more promptly paid ;
'Fore kind insolvent debtors' laws were made,
To give commissioners a *bankrupt trade* ;
Or merchants stood, from speculative height,
To raise the wind, or fly the well known kite ;
But now perplexed, a lawsuit is demurred,
If wits but play or quibble on a word ; (3)

One day one Chancellor hears half one case
The next, how strange, his Lordship *they* displace.
Each judge *imported* from our neighbouring Isle, (4)
Leaves cause and cross-cause dormant on the file,
As party sways or politics best suit
Box rule and motion, presidents lie mute
Then come receivers qualified to let
Till costs exceed and nullify the debt;
Thus laws perplex, and now a crafty train (5)
In consious guilt usurp her half domain
And the rude peasant, to *requite* his toil,
In other climes seeks more congenial soil.

From peaceful homes and habitations spurned
From fond connections, aged parents mourned,
From dear society, now friends no more,
To cheer their wanderings on a distant shore,
From all those tender ties on friendship wait,
From links that bind and *fortify* a state,

Behold proud Erin's sons promiscuous spread—
No stone to mark the unrecorded dead!
Ye that in battles front best led the fight
As beaming meteors 'mid Britannia's might,
And leading star who first in conflicts cry
Led through the *pass* to victory or die,—
Must ye a sad and lone and outcast band,
Denied subsistence in your native land,
Perchance in other climes *ill* blend your hate
To seal Britannia's ruin with defeat.
Alas! dread land, whose undivided sway,
By conquests wrought o'en elements obey;
You too may mourn thy *wooden barriers* sleep
Beneath the ruthless billows of the deep,
Ye mighty pause! and since a world ye claim,
Won by *Ierne's host*, whose sons sustain
Thy name all glorious, aid thy generous race,
Who bade thy proudest banners rest in peace.
Still canst thou aid thy nation's strength secure
Nor spurn the humble annals of thy poor;

Thy desert tracts can all their wants supply
Link nature's bonds and then a world defy.
Give Erin's sons that boon they humbly crave,
And form a fond alliance with the brave,
Your generous sons, with no degenerate pride,
Will hail the act, *just government* abide;
With fond affection (angry thoughts repressed :)
And help the hand gave happiness its rest.

Quick plies each hand, each skilled commander sees
His ship's majestic canvas meet the breeze
In equal pride their ships are soon arrayed,
And both seem heedless of the ocean's dread;
Still on the deep their fond affections flow—
Rude winds may rage and blustering billows blow;
Yet no rough wind nor tide can sever those (6)
Whose trust confined in Providence repose.
Three nights three days thus on the ocean's breast
In trackless maze with equal hopes impressed,

In view they keep, till lost in moonlight shades,
 Each favourite object from the sight recedes ;
 The lessening ships wawilling seem to steer,
 Their topmasts sink, and slowly disappear.
 Then parts each brother with no lubber pain,
 True as the compass, guides to meet again—

Here on the chrysal waves the dolphin glides,
 The seabird hovers and the porpoise rides
 The nimble squidhounds gambol to our view,
 Around our poop their playful course pursue ;
 The mighty monarchs from the Greenland sea,
 Proclaim their strength and navigate their way
 Rear their broad bulks, whilst all attention craves,
 Spout the loud surge and glide along the wave ;
 All seems serene, Old Ocean heaven on high,
 Smooth as the azure tint of evening sky,
 When zephyrs sleep, and on earth's balmy breast,
 The dew drops fall, and nature seems to rest.

The placid moon shone forth with borrowed light,
And twinkling stars, the guardians of the night,
Beamed forth each ardent glance as lovers do
From sparkling eyes who slyly wish to woo;
The sun was set, and as great authors say
Though far remote, each world has its day,
So these bright stars with constellation given,
Paid strict obedience to the Queen of Heaven.

The moon's bright face was not illumined so
As though she borrowed that high tinged glow,
Which our terrestrial modern females wear,
That gives attraction to our earthly fair;
But it was pale soft nature lent her blush,
For who e'er saw the modest moon to blush;

The sun went down, yet I almost forgot
What Poets say that rosy roving got,
Had gone beneath our vast horizon's steep,
To drink new seas with Neptune on the deep.

Fatigued and weary all the live long day,
Lighting one half our world with his rays,
Now bright Aurora left our dark abodes
To bear new light and cheer our antipodes ;
Yet Vesper rose to hold her lucid reign,
And deck the moon in her bespangled train.
So we had light, and let some Newton solve
When, where and how, these mighty worlds revolve ;
And why it is though prominently placed
The moon's attraction is by far the least
One time she shines, a full round look she wears—
One third decreased her gibbous form appears—
Half clipt, cornuted, when wore out we're told
A fool once asked what do they with the old
These sage astronomers, who make repairs,
At length he adds might cut her into stars
What wonder then Astrologers supplied us
And made that luminary *Georgium Sidus* ;
Thus sanctifying our old king in air
New coeternal with the Bull and Bear,

'Mid lightnings glare and where loud thunder rattles
To talk with *Mars* about his former battles,
For why should kings who take aerial flights
Be not attended by *their satellites* ?
So when their modern system is made known,
Great George must get some new ones of his own.

Here Justice holds the balance to his view,
The Archer points the various hosts he slew,
Besides what more all flaming constellations,
Appear beneath *like tributary nations*—
The lion deemed his proper horoscope,
With glaring eyes bedecks the ethereal scope,
The scorpion raging 'neath the space is seen
For Leda placed her valorous sons between
The Ram, the Goat, the Virgin adds her blisses,
The *Crab* regales him with a pair of *Fishes*
Thus with his *Waterman* each night so sable
He shines the sovereign of the *night's round table* ;

More bright companions foreign from prescription
I still might add of *modern detection*;
But this I leave to those who best discern,
Who read the classics, and who love to learn—
The night star glistens, now confiding all,
Each seeks repose, obedient to the call ;
The rocky vessels, though no tempest moves,
Awakes from feverish rest our wont repose—
Convulsive throes the lurching vessel heaves,
A sportive toy to undulating waves.

Now to the sea-sick crew the reckless sea
Adds mirth and fear, and laughter and dismay ;
Aloft we bound, and on the billowy height,
Reflection adds fresh terror to the sight—
Transparent struggling in the awful gloom,
Each dark abyss presents a frightful tomb ;
Whilst busy moonbeams glimmering as they go,
Shine but to show the labyrinths below :

The giddy vessel scarce her helm they guide,
Yet still she moves in majesty of pride ;
Now stately standing on the glittering wave,
And now immersed as if in watery grave,
Erect she goes, yet in an instant cast !
The courteous billows seem to kiss her mast ;
Whilst slumbering sailors seek an hour so blest,
Nature's *rude nurse* thus lulling them to rest !

As when a child by infant terrors shocked,
First screams and fears the cradle where he's rocked,
Soon as the pleasing sense habitual grows,
He only seeks what sets him to repose.

Not so the landsman, ah ! what ills they feel,
As from their berths the affrighted novists reel ;
Here rolls a cask among their shattered store,
They yield unconscious to the resistless floor ;
Their well ranged stock in one sad hour displaced,
Their liquid stores become a *watery waste*,

Glass jars and packages no art can save,
Which seem to dance alternates to the wave ;
At length a light breeze takes the fluttering sails,
And swells the canvas that invites the gales ;
The faithful watch, the guardian of the helm,
Surveys the compass that points out the realm ;
Then sits aloft prepared to give alarm,
Proclaims the gloom portentous of the storm ;
The circling waves soon cloud the awful scene,
And tempests howl throughout the western main.

All watchful dogs long passed their busy noon,
And idly sat to bay the silvery moon ;
'Tis odd what strange propensities arise,
That dogs with instinct should be so unwise ;
Yet so it was as Rollo listless lay,
And from the poop surveyed the moon's bright ray !
And gazed attentive on that borrowed light,
The sun, her neighbour, lent her for the night ;

The sea was rough, and now a treacherous fog
Obscured our vessel, labouring like a log.
It was no mist ethereal from a cloud,
But formed from earth, its coverlet a shroud,
Extending far that dimmed the ample plain,
Yet left the spacious firmament serene;
For not a star but glittered o'er the spray,
And seemed refulgent on our watery way.
And now he stood, nor feared nor cliff nor strand,
And dropped his stern and pointed to the land;
From rugged rocks he snuffs the welcome breeze,
For land was near what though no land he sees;
And danger, ruin, all destruction lay,
And none yet knew how perilous our way.

The wind blew fresh, nor in nor off the shore,
And so it was a side-long course we bore,
The steersman steady kept her helm a-lee
And now the breakers madly pressed the sea;

Still Rollo stood ; resolved what this might be,
I sprang aloft, disposed in time to see,
Then through the mist protruding rocks appear,
Scarce three short cables forwards as we steer.
With eager haste I glide and seize the helm
Steer back our course whilst fractured waves o'erwhelm.
We pipe all hands, all eager shift her sail,
And steer our course obedient to the gale ;
Meanwhile the seaman from the quivering mast
Proclaimed aloft the dangers that we passed.
Then floating wide with sea-room and good cheer,
O'er mountain waves our course we safely steer,
Whilst all regard with kindness as they view
The *chance protector* of a dexterous crew—

The dusky night now dims the murky skies,
And waves on waves in monstrous mountains rise ;
The convex world shuts from our eager view
All but the wide expanse of azure blue ;

Above, beneath, as if to Chaos riven,
Lost in the mystic wrath of God in heaven !
All ocean heaves high on their circling height
The playful waves reflect the moonbeams light,
Till from her sober canopy in air
Bright lightning rages and usurps her sphere ;
Each vivid flash ignites the awful gloom,
And murmuring waves forbode an awful doom.

Whilst lowering clouds portentous fates enthrall,
High on the deck they his Achates call,
A well skilled messmate by whose timely aid
With *mainsails reefed* he oft the tempest awayed.
In busy peace all hands now crowd aloft,
And soon from danger all our yards are propt ;
Again we ride, and free from death's alarm,
Securely rest nor fear the pitiless storm,
Till shivering masts are from their stays unbound,
And to the hollow tempest quick resound—

Rent yields the truss, and playful to the winds,
Our top-masts totter and each rope unbinds ;
Now heaves the ship, and labouring to the tide,
Aboard she rolls, reverberating wide ;
Now cleft the mainsails faithless to the gale,
They sweep the busy deck, loud shrieks assail,
And cries of weeping maids and hearts forlorn,
Who left their homes, now by the billows borne,
And washed away to traverse ruthless waves
That waft the lonely strangers to their graves !
The wild winds roar, the gloomy hatch they bind,
And skilful seamen combat with the wind ;
High beats the surf, loud bursts the foamings spray,
The bulwarks now, the capstan next gives way,
The trusty pilot to the helm they lash,
True to his post and fearless of the crash ;
From side to side the struggling vessel rolls,
No more the helm the ponderous mass controls.

Spars, cables, all the spacious deck supplies,
Rude rent commingle 'mid the sacrifice ;
Still on their circling crests white surges rear,
Whilst dauntless mariners the faults repair,
And the rude seaboy, fearless to the last,
Displays his pennon from the quivering mast ;
Smack goes the spar, the cordage still withstands,
A *timely* rope arrests his glowing hands ;
Whilst *grasping, struggling*, still the youthful tar
Proclaims aloft what British seamen dare.

As when, by lightning struck, some monument,
Whose lofty spire, or cone, or tower, is rent ;
Perchance the statue of great Wellington,
Or Nelson, fame's more valued warlike son,
The great colossal figure struck on high,
Appears unawed amidst its kindred sky ;
And the proud Chief, unconscious of alarm,
Still *seems* to grapple with the raging storm :

Thus proud, majestic, as in eager fight,
Victorious, struggling in gigantic might,
The eager eye beholds the immortal brave,
Whom all agree no miracle can save ;
The sight grows dim, chill horror seizes all,
Each heart recoils and shudders at the fall ;
Still mighty Providence the pyramid preserves—
Our country's boast and pride of future years !
Thus the well-ordered ship, her wants supplied,
Maintained her strength, all elements defied.

The storm is hushed, the angry winds assuage,
Their baneful blast, as when, with deadly rage,
Two hosts appear—the mighty crush comes on,
As though to blend all elements in one,
Unruffled, calm, each warlike veteran stands,
Proud as the ocean's breast ; exulting bands,
Still bear new strength, and as fierce waves arise,
That bid defiance to the threatening skies,

They onwards rush, the aerial host engage,
And dare to wage fierce combat with the waves,
So rage their Chiefs, their varied powers supply,
Exhaust their might and in the conflict die—
How happy those, who, far from friends, away,
Intrust their lives and fortunes to the sea ;
By thee directed, fostered by thy hand,
All seem as blest as those they left on land ;
The task is thine, the wisdom, and the sense,
To guide each wanderer o'er a world's expanse,
'Tis thine with skill to find each distant realm,
To gain the wished for port and guide the helm,
'Tis thine, with sense and unaffected pride,
To brave the tempest, whilst all hearts confide.

Thus with bright Belieu on the boundless sea,
Come joyful hail this happy morn of May, (7)
Summer's fair pledge ; though on the ocean we
Pursue the traceless paths of destiny,

Yet we will hail this fair auspicious day,
Bright as the circling waves that mark our destined way ;
And oh ! 'tis sweet to think on Erin's soil,
Land lost to bliss and well requited toil ;
Where the chill peasant marks in sad despair
The gloomy prospects he remains to share ;
Accruing rack-rents, agents, bailiffs' fees,
Attornies, peelers, writs and absentees ;
Enobled spendthrifts, commoners each year,
Who spend their produce, yet they know not where ;
How changed the scene from those of other times
When proudest patriots knew no foreign climes,
And in our senate envied statesmen clung,
To hear persuasion from a Grattan's tongue,
Or Plunket mild, in sophistry, or meet,
To urge our leaders to the firm debate,
These days are gone when Irish hearts would cheer
A Burke, a Bush, a Ponsonby once dear,

Who 'midst the torrent bore the thunder's shock,
Where cringing placemen shuddered as they spoke;
Then Ireland famed for words, and deeds of arms,
Securely stood nor feared a world's alarms—
With allied strength, no *vassals* to a throne,
And sought no brighter laurels than their own—
In vain we plead, thy patriot voice is crushed,
Thy minstrels' chords, thine harp itself is hushed;
Shall *trembling nations* ask, with just disdain,
How can *their* victors bear Britannia's chain?
And ask alike by whom these battles won,
Or by a Laughlon or a Wellington?
Let Britons say, with envied voice proclaim,
And add a Laughan to a Wellesley's fame,

Ye factious leaders, think not *fierce appeal*,
To *foreign climes* will forward just repeat;
What though you glean of lands from pole to pole,
In vain you urge—'tis madness to control;

Ask Britain's sons for what *yourselves* have sold—

Give you your produce, so give back *their* gold!

Lost freedom claim, let energy arise,

And claim *no other* umpire than the skies

Ye alien host, why thus at Britain's call,

Forsake your soil, so sanctified with all,

Where virtue smiles, with angel looks they wear,

And souls of valour best espouse the fair ;

Ye want not words to grace your *nation's* dome,

Nor foreign tongues to legislate at home ;

Nor voice nor will nor prudence to impart

The love you bear a Briton from your heart.

Confiding honour links your sacred cause,

Whilst Irish chieftains gain your just applause,

With proudest ranks victorious in their might

Alike in counsel, foremost in the fight ;

Let Britons tell in fiercest of array,

Did Ireland's sons one victory delay

On mountain heights or on the billowy sea ?

Ye venial tribe, ye mercenary few,
False to your soil, yet to your interest true,
Whom Britons spurn, when blended in debate,
As some love treason, though the traitor hate ;
What have ye gained, a rabble council brought
To plunge the state, alas ! too dearly bought ;
Too late ye mourn, the conflict what it cost,
When all your boasted suffrage is lost,
What have ye done, ye batten as ye roam,
And leave sell feuds and poverty at home ?
Ye made perpetuate, *terms from year to year,*
No tenures now and *tithe laws more severe,*
Your poor laws end your burden of debate,
And thus ye *add more beggars to the state,*
With acts notorious to enrich the slave,
To free the blacks and manacle the brave ;
Kind liberal donors to each foreign Moor, (8)
Yet wrench these millions from the starving poor,
And still to keep a continental shore,
Alas ! my country, still what millions more,

'Twere well if each like Castlereagh, I wot,
To save his country kindly cut his throat!
Religion scoffed, O, national averment,
We then may boast of Westminster interment; (9)
The state may claim an Anthony or Cesar
These felt the sword whilst others used the razor.
Percival was shot, so had he his day,
More I could mention who died like Castlereagh?
Pitt left to Ireland the Union a legacy,
Besides to all England his fame, and his debts to pay;
Yet Pitt was noble, still, no pensioned slave,
And humbly gave a Chatham to the grave! (10)
Unbought, and yet his politics remain
The boasted bulwark of a George's reign,
Now Peel gives peelers' speeches to detail
Who ask, with asses' heads, why bear *O'Connell's* tail;
Clare sold his Isle for stipulated rank, (11)
And thus metamorphosed a *palace* to a *bank*;
His new raised pomp still met a Bedford's sneer,
An upstart Lawyer, Chancellor and Peer;

A self judged felon, penitent too late,
He died the modern Nero of the state!
Such are thy wrongs—good queen assert thy away,
Redress these wrongs and Ireland will obey;
Alas! my country, time can only tell,
What time can do; for ever fare thee well!
For me I seek some solace on the deep—
I see not, hear not, know not, how you weep!

Yet, hark! I hear a sad and dismal sigh,
'Mong mingled mirth, what means this mournful cry?
'Tis the sad wretch, who to his by gone-days,
Reflects at length in penitential praise;
See how he waves his suppliant hands on high,
No favouring friends, no fond connexion nigh,
He breathes, and scarce a suppliant tear can blend,
Faint rolls the eye that vainly seeks a friend;
Far from the deep compassion left her home,
Gave sighs to winds and tears to ocean's foam;

The rude rough seaman on the shivering mast
Regards grim death as heedless as the blast ;
Yet when he thinks on toils, and friends no more,
Reflects in fondness on his native shore.
'Tis done ! death comes, and darkly rolls the wave,
The billows press and shroud his traceless grave,
Nails, irons, coals, in ponderous mass they bring,
No Curfew tolls for him, no death bells ring ;
The yawning sack, in Turkish form arrayed,
As binds their living so contains our dead ;
Thus in the eddy deep they heedless roll, (12)
An ill stretched corpse, and unbefriended Soul !

Soft breathes the breeze, with lofty sails unfurled,
We dauntless steer, and traverse half the world ;
Well mann'd our ship, we fear no blustering gale
With hands to reef, or hearts to crowd a sail ;
What though fierce winds and distant prospects mar,
And icebergs glitter to our fearless tar, (13)

He views their hoary heads that lift to heaven,
And marks their majesty, on ocean riven ;
Fantastic groups that light the midnight wave,
To point to watchful mariners a grave ;
Yet vigils keep, well skilled, at his command,
To shun these glittering terrors from Iceland ;
Which spread destruction whilst they yet remain,
Like floating bulwarks on the western main—

See yon bright bulk of castellated height,
Streaked with the busy beams of northern light ;
How stately moving ! damply breathes the air,
That greets this wanderer of the northern sphere,
Where ruptured promontories quick conglome,
To add fresh wonders to a world at home ;
The ship's about, all hands they crowd the sail,
Steer from their course and scarcely catch the gale ;
Remote the danger who can wisely say—
'Tis best in time for safety to give way.

So have I seen some gentle river crossed,
When the rough stream the summer's suns exhaust,
We view the rippling cataract on high,
Yet let autumnal floods its source supply ;
The babbling brook how changed, where once we stood,
Now teems a torrent and resistless flood ;
No more the rustic plods his weary way,
With anxious speed impatient of delay ;
Enough he sees the object from afar,
And shuns the danger that he must not dare.
How safe we rest and on the billowy deep
Secure our vessel as secure we sleep,
Happy our thoughts to reach some prosperous shore,
Through raging billows and the tempeats roar ;
By science taught, confiding hopes we gain,
Whilst brightest prospects cheer us on the main :
Thus on the ocean, in the Ocean we, (14)
With him that rules the ocean, brave the sea—

By wisdom favoured and by sense supplied,
His skill our prop and Providence our guide !

Now beams the dawn, the murky morn appears,
High from the mast the dauntless seaman cheers ;
Avast ! avast ! see Scotia's land in sight,
I view her pinnacles 'neath yonder light ;
The listening crew all eager crowd to view,
The land of promise, and explore the new,
High on each summit towering forests stand,
Above, beneath, immeasurable land ;
Not e'en a vista strikes the straining eye,
Impenetrable woods each space supply ; (15)
Whilst on the shore some scattered remnants stand,
Of Indian tribes, an isolated land ! (16)
Where icebound cliffs with drifted snow arise,
To paint each gloomy terror death supplies.

Now teems the gulph, each sylvan sight endears,
A vast expanse, an unknown world appears ;

The pathless desert all alike confounds
A dreary waste with solitary grounds ;
The weary eye looks o'er the wide expanse,
New prospects crowd and fill a world immense,
A cherless sight to awe the restless mind,
Perchance to those to wretchedness consigned.

Fair Sylvia loved,—'twas then when tender years
Gave bloom to youth and every charm endears ;
Chaste as the snow transformed by ambient air
Congealed to icicle and pendant there,
Her soul was soft, some superhuman aid
An angel gave to grace this lovely maid.
Guiltless was she, and still her timid breast,
Conceived a flame—'twas nature unrepresd,
Taught by the breathings of a long drawn sigh,
And the soft glances from the love sick eye,
She graced her mansion, copious her domain,
The humblest she of all her lordly train ;

Supassing all, her Sire three shires had he,
Won by his toils and deeds of Ancestry
His only daughter she, his darling boast,
Of all heavens favourites he adored the most,
Fair Alfred too the pride of Sylvia's flame
In blest retirement, spread his humble fame,
'Mong Warriors wont to win the ample meed,
Or fix the shaft or form the martial steed,
Of noble birth, yet fortune's fickle frown,
Dispersed his prospects—all save his renown ;
Unversed was he in mysticated lore,
Ample his heart yet frugal was his store ;
He sought no blessing, all he asked was given,
Love's dearest pledge, he asked no more of heaven.

Together thus they ranged the verdant fields,
Plucked fruits and flowers and all that nature yields,
Their lisping accents from each Mother's breast,
Almost alike their mutual thoughts expressed,

Till glory marked him for the martial strife,
And if to live, claim Sylvia for his wife.
He fought and conquered ere his manhood came,
Though versed in valour Alfred was the same ;
At length he came, the tidings they impart,
And gave to Sylvia all he had, his heart !

An equal fondness Sylvia still conceived,
And the big sigh her anxious breast betrayed,
Mutual and soft the tender passion rose,
By tears revealed what hearts would not disclose ;
Her love expressed then, too, her Alfred, she
Discreetly told her soul of secrecy !

O ! Alfred, thou whose modest flame I own,
Has touched my heart, thy virtues not unknown,
No more solicit, tell thy faithful breast,
I feel thy flame unrivalled and confessed ;

Long have I struggled with parental ire,
Love's idol flattery, fondness and desire;
Vain pomp and glory, affluence and state,
Combining qualities that grace the great,
Nor pomp nor power nor wealth had charms for me,
I sought no power save that of blessing thee;
So spake the maid, then yielding to his arms,
Gave truth and beauty and fair virtue's charms,
The solemn rites in sacred words declare,
Unbend restraint yet bind the anxious pair.
Love's idol she no hearts are formed so true
Alike revered the darlings of our crew—

Ah, gentle Sylvia! happiest hopes farewell,
Thy lot of woe 'tis only time can tell!
Fortune reversed, in one sad hour, can leave
The vainest vaunting conqueror a slave,
Happy the soul, supplied on fleetest wing,
Who best can say O! Death where is thy sting?

The day was fixed, in pompous power arrayed,
Lord Gifford came, and all his charms displayed,
Wealth, pomp and equipage, with all its train,
A cumbrous nuisance waiting on the vain;
Here came his suit, six Lords composed his van,
Six nobles Peers all graced his wise divan,
Squires, Esquires, Knights, all men of high degree,
In modern pomp and pride of pageantry,
The ill manned pack, obstreperous and shrill,
The babbling hunters more discordant still;
Pads, spaniels, guns, and dogs of different race,
But ill arranged as worthless in the chase,
Ah, heedless Sire, had'st thou but only known,
Or felt for pangs of pity not thine own;
Did'st thou but grant to love one boon to share,
Thou need'st not crowd such court of courtiers there.

And now awaits, the festive mirth goes round,
Their heedless hearts in luxuries abound,

The conclave sit and opportunely wait,
The happy hour, to tell their Gifford's fate ;
Enough he came, and hopeless was his tale,
No arts in love, nor flattery can prevail ;
Gifford can smile, though sorrow marks his brows
He met *repulse scarce vanity avows* !

Well hast thou sped, a Father's hopes foretell,
That Sylvia loves, her burning blushes tell ;
Then take my all, my Sylvia's heart so true,
Can still respect—I leave her love *for you* !
Too generous Sire, alas ! I know *too well*,
That Sylvia *loves*, her sighs and tears can tell,
Her bloom but adds her secret griefs to share,
She speaks a mind of sadness and despair,
Some *favoured youth*, I sought not, asked not, who—
You may solicit tales *reserved for you* !

Proud Wilmore paused, yet as some fleeting dream,
He only thought his words from Gifford came,

Yet as he learned the fatal tidings o'er,
He thought yet spoke not though he felt the more:

Then Sylvia loves, some secret flame spark,
Consumes her bloom and rends her peaceful heart,
Say is it *Alfred*—can'st thou disobey?
Can Alfred thus his Patron so betray?
If so then sooner than be thus allied,
Your love for Alfred kingdoms shall divide;
As droops the flower, the lily cheek confess,
She spoke not; still proud Willmore knew the rest!

The night was cheerful and the south winds blew,
The Bark's sails fluttered and the last adieu,
Friends, Fathers, Brothers, Sisters, fondly gave,
To those adventurous souls who pass the wave;
Perchance in fortune's list when Alfred drew
These ready lines, then to the busy crew,
He hied him in a merry Harper's trim,
And told his sister Sylvia sails with him;

On wings of love they came, the lines soon traced,
The lovely Sylvia came with equal haste,
How she escaped the vigilance of her sire,
Fair gentle reader pause, I wont enquire ;
Yet this I truly know, she took *no leave*,
Still seemed *as cheerful on the bright blue wave* ;
The billet sent still on her toilet lay,
Which bore sad tidings she went far away.
Yet none could tell by this poetic note, (17)
Whither, or in what vessel or what boat !

We near the land each straining eye-ball glows,
Exhausted nature seeks some meet repose ;
Our perils past a venturous crew we find,
Elate with hopes that fill each feverish mind,
The cloud-clapt mountains high o'er earth arise,
And like proud Ossa touch the neighbouring skies ;
Again proud Pelous seems to stand afar, (18)
With towering peak well known to every Tar ;

Each snow white summit tinged with verdant hue,
Beneath their cliffs reflect the azure blue,
Above all wilderness by fancy drest,
Invites the eye and bids the wanderer rest.

And first Morency, far famed water, you,
As if from heaven propell'd, astound my view,
Fantastic crash as if by chaos hurl'd,
To burst thy bounds and inundate a world;
Yet even thus, thy cataract in vain
Pours forth its torrent on the ice bound plain,
Absorbing nature acts by strict control,
Arrests thy progress and ingulphs the whole.

Here the blue sky its varied brightness lends,
And every tinted hue from heaven descends,
Here rests the Rainbow in its magic sphere,
Reflection's pride conceived in circling air,
Beneath its ark thy deafening waters roll,
Impetuous urged and glide from pole to pole,

O'er thy rude base its vast extension lies
As if to mark heaven's entrance to the skies—
Majestic poising o'er thy tremulous slope
Prismatic phantom or kaleidescope,
Mark the vast ray each shade distinctly blends,
Whilst every hue in bright ethereal ends;
Each varying lustre vanished from the view,
Recedes, yet rapt in everlasting blue,
Though quickly clad in majesty arrayed,
As quickly wrought to universal shade.

And next fair Orleans, captivating Isle,
Where care worn Cits their toilsome hours beguile,
I view thee, see thee, fancy what you be,
When summer smiles to mark thy majesty,
Fruits, flowers, herbs, all things alike combine,
Though in thy snow clad mantle still divine

Green, fertile land, proud insulated shore,
Where billows keep and where loud caverns roar,

Where the big wave impending o'er the storm,
Loud strikes the rock in cataractal form ;
Here would I rest where ceaseless billows keep,
Where love lies plaint and shepherdesses weep,
Or where the lambient stream by slow degrees,
More humble waits to win the western breeze ;
High o'er its bosom plies the angler's hand,
Or guides the boat that steers from land to land,
Unceasing these a deadly course maintain,
To strip the tenants from thy dark domain,
Soft in the vale where endless murmurs roll,
Assist, my Muse, inspire my secret soul !
Such sights congenial kindred glooms bestow,
Indulge my mind and mitigate my woe.

Yon lonely mountain long may wildly wear,
Sad looks and lowers and weeping wint'ry air,
Alike yon vale where oft the shepherds song
Cheered thy high hills responsively along,

Nor song nor youthful mirth can grace thy brow,
Nor aught combine to make thee lovely now,
Maria, fairest Nymph, ne'er loved thy bowers
No more shall wave the fairest of thy flowers ;
Would that I were a rock upon thy side,
My heart unyielding to thy rippling tide,
Had stood secure nor love had lit its flame,
I blush to carve the cypress with thy name ;
I fondly thought, but, ah ! my hopes were vain,
To match the clime, love would not add its pain,
I fondly thought that hand, that breast of snow,
More lily white, bore but resemblance so,
In vain I seek, alas ! the wounded Tree,
Thy fading flowers have now no charms for me,
I gaze a while but, ah ! the faithless rill
Hath passed away with no resemblance still ;
The sculptured tree, the gliding waters flow,
Yet each alike unconscious of my woe ;
As fades thine image on the faithless stream,
As sure shall time obliterate thy name ;

The grove, the grot, will leave no trace of thee,
My own sad memory will but rest with me ;
Oft when at eve the cheerful sun goes down,
How flits my fancy 'till my senses drown,
With thoughts of thee, now passed to lands unknown,
Perchance forsaken, desolate and lone,
Ah ! fair Maria, grace thy loved lorn hills,
Reflect thine eyes upon these neighbouring rills,
And let each fountain bear thine image true,
False as thou wert still faithful to thy view,
Yet should some heart more blest than this of mine,
Induce my love and cause me to repine,
I'll naught complain, in silence though I burn,
I'll waste my soul within its secret urn ;
Alas ! false fair, thy future flocks may share
Thy smiles, nor feel the anguish of despair ;
Poor senseless things, with no resemblance dwell,
But you fond Rollo ever fare thee well ?
My bees have fled, my birds have pined away,
There Rollo rests, there flowerets decay.

Farewell, best Dog ! that ranged the mountain's brow,
Or furrowed track where swept the labouring plow ;
Or where the sedge its sheltering covert lends,
The timorous brood where ere the partridge bends,
Farewell, best dog ! whose fond affection glowed,
Whose mind repleats from heavenly instinct glowed,
Whose docile sense in meek obedience met
These useful lessons thou didst not forget,
Joy of my youth, when manly strength required
My active nerves by youthful senses fired,
How oft with thee I climbed the pathless way ;
When first illumined by the eastern ray !
How oft with thee the sultry hour I pass'd,
And wintry days more dimly overcast,
But now poor Roll the day, thy last has risen,
Death seals thy fate, thy sins are all forgiven,
Thy master mourns how Fate by sad record
Has badly made thy life with his accord !
Then rest thee, Rollo, take thine endless sleep,
Thou wilt not rise like guilty man to weep,

Nor shall thy memory, when thy relics fade,
Record, that you, like woman's smiles, betrayed !

O ! Orleans ! thou blest seat for meet repose,
Where fancy smiles, and heavenly beauty glows,
And wit and love and every grace conspire,
To sooth the Bard or mix the slumbering Lyre ;
Long may thy streams the aged Minstrel see,
Where woodland wilds are taught to echo thee,
And nature proudly lends her copious hand,
To charm the sight and celebrate the land ;
Long may thy fame eternal ages bear,
As Ida's top or fields of Mantua fair,
And sages meet to view thee with regard ;
Or trace the mansion of some peaceful Bard,
Where lowly sunk, his harp may still recline,
Unknown, unstrung, as this lone harp of mine,
Which even yet might wake to fancy song ;
But, ah ! alas ! thy winters are too long !

Here have I joyed to meet the sterling soul,
Alert and cheerful linger o'er the bowl,
When blameless truth divests her midnight robes.
Which native naked purity bestows ;
Bright wit companion ruled the festive board,
O'er judgment swayed, unrivalled, unexplored ;
Of quick conception needs no plodding lore,
Spreads the bright thought from nature's gifted store ;
Innate the principle yet undefined,
To picture bliss the essence of the mind,
To rival eloquence, electric fleet,
Though far more transitory still more sweet ;
These joys are sped as passing summers smile,
They, like thy clime, seemed lovely for the while.
Adieu ye vallies, distant hills, and ye
Gigantic crags, that bound the western sea,
And ye fair Scotia's coast, in northern clime,
Stupendous mountains, awfully sublime !

Well might a Nagle's soul awake to this, (20)
Inspired by harmony's ne'er fading bliss ;
Rise from his sainted Isle, where most deplored,
To crown the pleasures of such festive board ;
But he is gone, in other times that pled,
The grace the tone the harmony is fled,
And Ned with all his jocund powers is dead,
He that could raise to extacy the soul,
As fabled Orpheus by a like control,
Awake the veteran's fame or yet impart,
Love's soothing passions to the tender heart ;
As thou Fitzpatrick, once the darling rage, (21)
Who charmed a modern Monarch on our stage,
Or thou O'Connor, of harmonic soul,
Or Sullivan, thou who now eclipse the whole, (22)
Yet shall a Nagle's strain their fame survive,
Whilst dulcet notes true melody can give.

Mute is thy tongue, which hailed the orient day,
And yet preferred the moonbeam's milder ray,
Cold is thine heart, which glowed with genial fire,
And chill thou art, lone subject of my Lyre ;
Still shall the plaintive voice be told for thee,
In softest strains of thine own melody ;
But where's the touch, the finger so divine,
Can wake the soul to harmony like thine.

With looks of sorrow bend the cypress round,
And echo wakes to waft the mournful sound,
For thee, alas ! well may the muses mourn !
Sigh o'er thy tomb, and linger o'er thy urn,
Blest soul of song, who best informed the tree,
To speak soft harmony when touched by thee ;
Weep all ye groves, let heavenly Orpheus now
Wake the dark woods, and rend the mountains brow ;
Whilst at thy presence famed Anacreon rise,
And Pan himself invite thee to the skies,

Let old Silenus quaff more nectared wine,
And Ossian hail thee 'mong the powers divine,
Whilst listening Gods attentively admire
Thy tuneful Pipe surpass the trembling Lyre.

Harp of our Isle ! and thou fair Scotia's reed,
That oft led on to many a martial deed,
Why slumber thou, alike thy veterans gone,
Whilst Scotia's Pipe still leads to victory on ?
Proud, generous Harp ! that stemm'd the warrior's woe,
And lent thy string to nerve thy Monarch's bow, (23)
I love to hear thine own melodious lays ;
Though memory clouds the scenes of happier days,
Yet if there be a world, and that there is,
Where weary mortals still repose in bliss,
As erst in Tara's hall divinely prest,
There Harp of my country's Warriors rest !

Now view yon inlet o'er its flowing tide,
Where Britain's glory all triumphant ride ;

With streaming pennants by their country known ;
They almost seem a Forest of their own,
Remote from these the towering woodlands fall,
Through lakes and rivers, rapids, dangers all,
Surpassing still the shanty tribe explore,
And add to commerce their redundant store,
Whether on Ottawa's beleagured heights,
Or the vast lake their labour more invites,
Alike is peril, danger in each spray,
Yet these are perils Britons ill repay,
Perchance propelled the reckless storm takes,
The well wrought raft in shattered fragments breaks :
Wide float the crew, and in the merciless waves,
Unseen they perish and unknown their graves ;
The drifted beams proclaim the havocks o'er ;
Or float or lie half buried on the shore.
No tale can tell, research can never find
Where the grim corpse floats buoyant with the wind,
To some beleagured spot they're doomed to lie,
Yet unexplored save by some ravenous eye,

Their friends expect, their wives and children mourn,
The merchant waits but meets not their return ;
Days, months go by, no welcome sail he sees,
No well known voices wafted by the breeze ;
Chill Winter comes, to close the cheerless scene,
He hears no more but that they once had been ;
His parted hopes his brightest prospects break,
Himself the lonely Bankrupt of the wreck.

How great, how mighty, yonder mass explore,
Its shattered fragments resting on the shore,
Where swollen tides conflicting waters stood,
To ice congealed at each impetuous flood ;
The pendant waters frozen heights conglome,
Transparent wrought from undulating foam,
Till the proud ark magnificently braves
Successive tides and inovating waves ;
The vast extended mass thus formed surveys,
And spans the breadth which all Saint Lawrence laves,

High poised and glittering moulded by the height
Of tides thus wrought to crystallated might ;
The frozen River thaws by genial heat,
Yet nature leaves her wonderous work complete,
Thus formed an ice-wrought Bridge to brave decay ;
The last and noblest structure to give way.—

But see yon vista o'er yon towering height
Where Wolfe immortal urged the glorious fight ;
Where conquering Britons each sad loss befell,
And Wolfe and Montcalm and Montgomery fell—
Yon upraised pillar marks the conqueror's doom;
Here rest his fame, his memory and his tomb.
Here stands the tribute which his country gave,
A scanty, sad memento of the brave,

Alas! brave Moore, when on Corunna's plain,
Where thou didst act thy noblest efforts vain,
Thy sad retreat proclaimed a sadder day,
And left thee lonely clad in Spanish clay ;

So short the space thine enemy so gave,
The soldier's bayonet dug thy humble grave,
And thou wert clad with honours not bespoke,
Nor sheet nor shroud but with thy martial cloak,
Montcalm more promptly was supplied by fate,
No human art dug up his last retreat ;
With strange effect there came a well shot shell,
And made his grave where once the veteran fell ;
How boldly thus to take that life away,
How kind to mound his monument of clay ;
Let sons of freedom boast Montgomery's fame,
Who gave these rights his country could not claim.
Yet here they fought with equal main and might,
Each chieftain fell and here Wolfe won the fight.

The fortified city next arrests our eyes,
Haul to the boat the hoarse rough sailor cries,
They land and each his different rout pursues,
Urged on by fate, impelled by different views ;

Some to the city ply the dangerous raft,
And o'er the surge the floating timbers waft,
Some to the desert hie, well pleased to roam,
To scape quick vengeance well deserved at home,
Whilst I a cheerless wanderer seek to find
Some peaceful spot, sequester'd from mankind,
There in secluded loneliness to dwell,
And bid the world's gay residents farewell ;
Content and careless as the bird that sings,
Who little heeds what fare the morrow brings,
His home the wilderness all wide and vast,
His wants supplied, who slumbers in the blast,
Thus would I live, and if no friend to cheer,
Let sorrow claim no tribute from a tear ;
So blend philosophy religion mixed,
And take from mighty providence the text ;
Yet vain the thought, e'en here ambition's sway
Proclaims a right the vanquished must obey,
Each subject chastened by the conqueror's hand,
Decrees submission in a foreign land ;

Revolting times uncertain prospects bring,
To sink a state or elevate a king,
Revolving years maternal care may mock,
And spurn alike the monument of Brock, (24)
Strange times, sad precedents, may yet reveal,
A Prevost's apathy, a Whitbread's zeal, (25)
A Brougham's code, all erring to excite,
And hail returning Patriots to the fight,

Thou wonderous space where myriads rudely stray,
Alike controlled by mandatory sway,
Where nature's law by pristine precepts given,
Points with the Indian's faith his way to heaven,
Undevious rule that guides each social band,
To act obedient to their chief's command.
Where none abandoned, none that tie forsaker,
Which binds that link our modern virtue breaks,
There tyrant man extends no despot rule,
Nor seeks new worlds for conquest and control.

No artful tools polemic schemes devise,
A rude wrought booth all dignity supplies,
None seek aggression, each withal maintains
The right succinctly of his just domains ;
None battle awes in rightful deeds approved,
Each mighty chieftain militates unmoved,
No self accusant fearless to repose,
And e'en in death a terror to his foes ;
Such nature's law by wisest precepts taught,
From hence deduced all legislative thought,
Right reason rules, no orator excites,
Nor plots protection by a bill of rights ;
Whilst deep read sophists all contentuous plod,
To break the laws of nature and of God.

There should I rest, yet why thus linger here,
To fret and freeze a winter in despair,
Perchance to die like mysticated slave,
With no fond friendly hand to dig my grave,

Scarce left a pound to purchase death's last need,
With funeral rights a requiem for the dead ;
Why when to lands remote, have I not strayed
Where summer smiles and flowers never fade,
And nature seems in loveliness arrayed ?
There might I rest, take thoughts from scenes sublime,
Nor fall the hapless victim of a clime.

High beams yon glittering ray, each stately spire
Efulgent gleams, reflecting conic fire,
Each tin clad temple sacred altar shod
Each proud memorial tribute to their God ;
'Mid yonder tufts of villages explore,
Successive ranging o'er the vast wide shore,
That deals its peopled strength and best displays,
Man's social converse from its earliest days ;
Here in the vale with cheerful verdure clad,
There in the marsh in woodland scenery sad ;
High on the cliff their needs as best supply,
Alike their sites to God's all seeing eye ,

Yet each proud altar stands alike confest,
By saint or savage still adored and blest ;
The convert Indian tribes of gathering strength,
All range among o'er hundred leagues of length ;
Whilst wood-wrought buildings still their banks bedeck,
As one continued suburb from Quebec ;
Till some vast lake extends its ample sheen,
Assails the sight and boldly shuts the scene ;
There the rude Indians at Loretto wreath,
Or vend their fur or ply their wicker trade ;
Self skilled, self taught, fantastic works they bind,
From bleeding birch that yields its copious rind ;
Or tender elm or butternuts soft core,
That well supplant your finest hempen store ;
With lines of these they strew the lengthened space,
Or in the deep or in the hard earned chace ;
In toils well wrought by nature's gifts supplied,
Their ready handmaid she they best confide ;
Some to the chace the bounding Moose pursue,
Or dexterous man the giddy bark canoe

With faithful dog with well tried mates secure,
Far to the north they fearless bend their tour ;
Their arctic friends the welcome homage pay,
Or lead the pass or point the venturous way ;
Well versed by signs, the moss, the bending pine,
Or north or south they mark the unerring line,
Now to the Beaver haunt or Luth or Musk,
Where day light glimmers as our hours of dusk ;
And the big sun emits his polar ray,
Like friends once warm though now far far away ;
Yet sure to come with renovated bliss,
Though far remote to other worlds than this,
Where all must meet and all things shall be rife,
And God alike to all is life and light.

Soft falls the gathering snow, the piercing blast,
Now from the dark horizon dimly cast,
Pours forth its sleeky covert o'er the trace,
Of birds and beasts, the keen barbarians place ;

New toils of neat and well constructed breath,
And all their wily instruments of death,
And ere night's gloom assumes its mantle gray,
They homewards urge their well directed way.
Here the bright blaze its darkling vapour spreads,
The circling fume the snow which desert feeds ;
The crackling oak as if for incense high,
Wide spreads its flame and fulminates on high ;
In hoary scenery around they rank,
Where nature seems one *universal blank*
There build the blaze, a sad subsistence share ;
Their food his flesh, their coverlets the Bear,
And oft by hardships borne some hardy sire,
Or best of clan left lingering to expire ;
They leave to solitude nor wait his grave,
Resolved at length no human power can save,
Still feed the blaze and though their food be scant,
Leave three days store to serve the lingerer's want.
High smokes each pile, the circling cinders fly,
The big round drops fall fast from nature's eye,

And ere they part in best assurance given,
They vow their faith, that points their way to heaven
Then sadly, slowly, each with grief oppress'd,
Commend his faithful spirit to its rest,
There slowly thread accumulating snows
And leave some branch *his cradle of repose*,
Yet if from lengthened years deprived of strength,
To end a sadder scene of Lingerment,
And close life's round they boldly use the dart,
And pierce their sorrowing victim to the heart,
Quick rear the pile, unhallowed incense raise,
And add what best accelerates the blaze.

O ! hard necessity ! and thou false pride,
That breathes on far fetched luxuries supplied,
Why tempt with gold the savage heart to go,
Where life scarce warms to brave such scenes of woe ?
Ye fur clad fair, ye frozen hearts that chill,
Your own *best fleece* supplies the Indian still,

For these returning weary of their toil,
They seek to traffic for their annual spoil ;
So mix in war where British conquests prove,
Their freedom's boast, their amity and love.

Ye cheerful sons of Erin's virtuous land,
Ye hardy Scots, ye conquering Highlandband,
And ye proud Britons, why thus brave the seas ?
To combat sad vicissitudes like these,
The fragrant heath, your long neglected hills,
Your bubbling streams, your loved transparent rills,
Your fenny moors, your rocks, your mountain brows,
Should best your native energy arouse,
Endear each peasant to each stately dome,
And best engage your husbandry at home.

The frozen lakes, the snow-capt mountains drear,
The arctic sun that dims the circling year,
The night fast gathering ere chill morn appears,
That adds new mounts where snowy mounts upraise.

The pent up cottage, dreary dank and sad,
The bending pine in snow white fiv'ry clad,
The new made precipice, the head long steep,
The fractured fragments of the frozen deep;
The way impervious to the eye,
That strives in vain fresh labyrinths to fly;
The steed more eager cheerless as they go,
Who sinks beneath accumulating snow,
The frozen friend ill fated to expire;
The youth the solace of his distant sire,
With all surrounding horrors of the night
Exposed to perish near the northern light,
Alike conspire to paint the dangerous gloom;
And keep your hardy venturous sons at home.

Yet if to emigrate ye social band,
And ye forsaken poor must leave the land,
Bring hither *strength* your arms will best supply, (136)
And gain that wealth your countrymen deny;

What glowing prospects will from these arise,
Where land is cheap and labour wins the prize,
It is not money, no mistaken thought,
By labour here, your sustenance is bought,
A useless land a useless tract remains ;
'Till strength and labour turns it into gains,
Your generous sons their own estate must raise,
Ere fortune smiles on scenes of other days ;
Thus raise the produce of their new made soil,
Inured to climate, industry and toil.
But ye, mistaken men, whose competence—
Gives airs and aloth and self prized consequence,
Tread not this soil where equal rights they scan,
And none in birth exceeds his fellow man ;
Here all is liberty and few scarce known,
Beyond that private circle of their own ;
Yet yield to honour no sad sacrifice,
Nor fear to fall nor emulous to rise ;
All heedless, none aspiring to be great,
If wisdom only regulates the state ;

Yet O my country seek not there for gains,
Where French taught law true liberty restrains,
Where those best versed who best these laws dispense,
Denounce such codes, repugnant to good sense,
Here adverse custom mixed with men unknown,
Who add to this a language not your own ;
Forbid that converse social minds impart,
And makes you foreign to the alien's heart ;
With sanguine sash and eke with Indian's mogs,
Let Frenchmen feed on fricassee's or frogs ;
Brave Greenland winters, seven long months to freeze,
With naught of verdure save their Greenland trees ;
Bright veiled amid, the drap'ry of night,
In Ice-wrought tapestry of georgeous white,
No matter here in this sad soil who delves ;
Still leave their *lower province* to themselves,
Let patriots flourish, other deeds displace,
Let adverse men new politics embrace,
Yet come it will when wisdom may control,
And one sound policy conduct the whole.

Yet here I pause—if aught can we repay,
Colborne deserves the tributary lay ;
High honoured chief, with whom brave Britons share,
The victor's trophied emblems of Glengare,
Whose precepts mild with fortitude can blend,
The warrior statesman, militant and friend ;
Mature thy counsels thus no projects mar,
Intrepid, cool, yet resolute in war,
'Tis thine with skill to crush rebellion's heat,
And south new subjects to a new formed state—
'Tis thine to tell aspirants of the day,
A ray can kindle and a blast decay,
'Tis thine to teach successors how to rule,
And blend the ancient with the modern school ;
By firm resolve as at Corunna's height,
To urge the foe or mitigate the fight ;
Approved by hosts how consummate thy skill,
What though retreating yet unconquered still ;
To share the toil all hardships to endure,
Stamp'd with the dying praises of a Moore ;

'Tis thine a blundering counsel to repair,
And tell the vaunting Yankees, if they dare
Speak out, a Cochran still, a Nelson will sustain;
Whilst British thunder echoes through the main—
And thus I prize a just imperious sway,
Whose rights confirmed all subjects will obey.
He who would blend with majesty his fame,
Must add to virtue an immortal name;
Himself the treasure to advance the state,
'Tis not a Diadem can make him great.

'Tis true even Emperors have their day,
They're lightly pressed with monumental clay;
He who could govern by his frown or smile,
Long lay entombed in Saint Helena's Isle;
And yet may fill the pages of romance,
The self-raised Autocrat of *fickle* France.

Content thou parent, lone, and loved by me,
Domestic friend, my soul is given to thee;

'Tis you supply my homely state with ease,
Enrich and add prosperity to days.
Teach me through life to shun that dangerous plan,
Ambition forms to scourge insatiate man,
With gluttoned fame perchance whose worthless wreath,
Replete with thorns adds sorrow to his head,
Won by the meed of strife in battle's plain,
Where Heroes sleep, for worthless Monarchs slain,
Whilst widows weep, and children curse the day,
The victor blasted all their hopes away.

Yet far from me to spurn ambition's pride,
The soul best taught by eloquence supplied,
Whose aim is virtue, talent, honour, fame,
Blends worth with dignity to stamp his name,
Enriched, who deals the sparkling treasures round,
Where want is felt, with fostering hand is found,
Nor hoards his wealth as he his hateful store,
Who brings fresh frauds and usury to his door ;

To purchase crimes, and guilt too oft we see,
Wrung from the wretch of hapless poverty ;
Whose need a stimulous too ill supplied,
Admits each vice and spreads contagion wide.

The miserable miser, lean and gaunt,
No wonder with the world that he should want ;
Fell, sordid penury, his look bespeaks,
And his sad wan-worn bosom breaks ;
No worm can batten on his scanty soil,
If death invites him from a world of toil ;
When stretched to end a life of misery,
No living thing can e'er derived be,
Nor verdure aught shall grace his hateful tomb,
In death his penury can yield no bloom !

How dost the soul, in life's delusive hour,
Pervert its greatness, mock the sovereign power,

As if no God with vigil eye attends,
To punish vice when flagrant man offends ;
I've often noted, 'midst this world's gay round,
And ever faithful precedents have found,
That he, self-raised by perfidy and vice,
At length lay branded with his true device ;
His projects all to ignominy rent,
And fickle fortune smiling as she went,
All-seeing Providence all-wise endows
The just with joy, the guilty with their woes,
Though quick to elevate his wrath supplies,
The more the ruin as their prospects rise ;
So fell Napoleon, object of his hate,—
There stands a Nelson's monument complete.

When Alexander once his sceptre swayed,
And trembling kings that conqueror obeyed,
Yet unsubdued, one distant realm remained
Secure, and still his dynasty disdained !

Alas! quoth he, as by inglorious dread,
Must I repose and rest a conqueror's head,
Shall future times attain my warlike fame,
And spurn the dread of Macedonia's name?
I still must conquer, what next shall I do—
Repose in peace, when I the world subdue?—
Then, quoth the Sage, as well to do so now!

The noble captive to endurance taught,
Sublime amidst his majesty of thought,
When cruel Nero for his victim sent,
And shewed the gibbet as his punishment;
Resolved to mock the tyrant in his pride,
Indignant gazed and still as stern replied;
It matters not how shaped thy harsh decree;
Yet, cruel Nero adds no pangs to me;
How feeble frame may rest in thy control,
Perur tortures still will but release my soul;
It moves me not how doomed the sacrifice
If I be eat by *worms* or by *flies*;

The gibbet raise, thy infamy proclaim,
And add one more sad record to thy shame.

Brief is the triumph of an odious reign,
Weak waves the wreath that gilds its fragile fane,
When tyrant sway usurps by sad misrule,
The world's conqueror is at best a Fool ;
It matters not the vanquished in the fight,
If slaves to passion, or if slaves to might,
He little heeds the victory how won,
Or by a Persian or a Macedon !
How versed each Chieftain in his warlike art,
Ambition's zeal but brought him to the mart.
Ambition points the weary paths we tread
We mount the precipice, all trembling dread
The mighty fall, the crash of future fate,
And mourn our fallen fortunes when too late.

The mighty soul disdains the conqueror's chain,
Lives in its might and triumphs in its pain ;

The mind ennobled spreads its terrors all,
Confounding guilt the vicious to appal ;
It hands posterity the useful page,
That stamps the name, the memory and the age,
By sad example shews the pondering youth,
To fix his gazing eyes on God and truth.

Thou mighty Lord, whose all observing eye,
On Earth, in air, in firmament on high,
Does fill all space, Eternal, at whose will,
Revolving worlds in brightful course fulfil
Thy mighty rule, by revelation taught,
From thy conception to perfection brought,—
'Fore time first was, thy self still increate,
Who when time was thy wonders did complete,
And 'midst thy various attributes began,
And stamped thy glorious image upon man ;
First wisdom taught, to fix the wavering mind,
Thy precepts next the unerring rule to bind ;

Then gave temptation, source of every ill,
Yet left the mind its own free agent still ;
To thee I bend, whom prostrate worlds adore,
As now and still when time shall be no more !

Immortal spirite ! who formed the immortal scul,
Who shaped revolving worlds as they roll ;
From nothing wrought, of vast materials made,
That move in thee and in thy essence breathe ;
Thus all perfection, to whose boundless sway,
The heavens and earth and all thy worlds obey,
Who, though immortal, made thy mortal son,
With glory crowned to prove thy will be done.
To take man's nature, all sad ordeals try,
And teach his faithful followers to die ;
Instruct me, Lord, enforce thy precepts given,
In life's short stay fix all my hopes in heaven ;
In thee I trust, thou mighty Lord forgive,
And let my weary martyr'd spirit live !—

By fortune favoured, worldly lords we see,
Unmindful centre every bliss from thee ;
No thoughts save wealth, save equipage and state,
No nobler attributes to make them great ;
A gilded mock all ignorance and pride,
By folly fired, by wisdom ill supplied,
How versed the knave whose thrifty means record ;
The cunning projects that increased his hoard,
By mental stealth from thoughtless youth who keeps,
An ill got treasure and the wealth he heaps ;
Whilst ruined spendthrifts view in upstart pride,
The wretch that revels by their wealth supplied.

How blessed the soul who freed from life's alarms,
Securely keeps nor heeds the world in arms,
Who rests at eve or as the night bird sings,
Ambition leaves to traitors or to kings,
Points to his heart, and at the hour of death,
Forgives his foes and calmly smiles on earth.

Far brighter joys his parting moments bring,
His mind his kingdom, and his God his King!
Let each sectarian argue for the best,
Yet all agree the monitor's the breast!
To different tenets let what will befall,
Instinct points out one Deity to all.
Friend, Turk, Reformer, Methodist, or Jew,
Alike may change their dogmas for a new!
Some prize a Conohare, whilst others mock,
And cite the page of Bolingbroke or Locke!
Mysterious studies still the more we dwell,
Who best informs, best Providence can tell,
Yet all to him give universal praise;
To all alike inscrutable his ways,
Whose holy Decalogue all else apart,
Can strike conviction on the vilest heart;
Breathe through the soul, inform the mind's recess,
What's wrong to follow or what leads to bliss,
Afflicts our last sad moments sure to come,
When death compels us to our long lone home.

The guilty rebel plods in foul debate,
To raise a ruin on a well formed state,
In fancied ills his vast orations flow,—
Thus spoke the glib-tongued Patriot Papineau ;
Who sighed for liberty yet left for this,
A floating phantom bubble for a bliss,
A rabble leader look to modern France,
Deposed a sceptre and proclaimed a lance ;
Yet British pride the dynasty disdains,
Gave life to liberty, a despot chains,
And well I wot bad government to mend,
A Yankee away in *monarchy* must end ;
Yet not despotic, sooner sacrifice,
And let some future *Washington* arise,
Or *Kosciusko*, men of valorous might,
Alike in counsel—glorious in the fight.

He loved the treason yet with traitor's dread,
When dealt the poison politic he fled

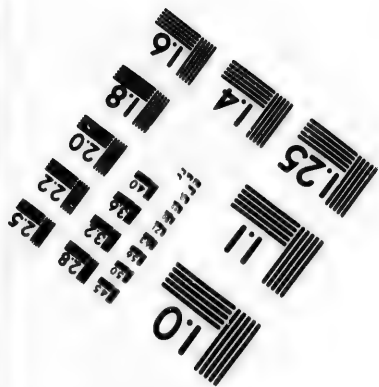
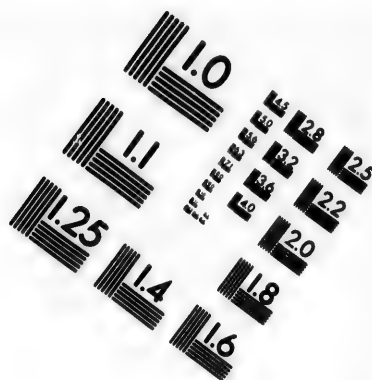
For him the bold, intrepid peasants bleed,
Or on the scaffold expiate the deed ;
For him the lone deserted hamlet lies,
A wasted ruin and sad sacrifice ;
For him the assassin stabs the peaceful breast,
And prowls malignant through the wintry waste ;
For him the battle, fallen is the foe,
Immersed, concealed in cataracts of snow ;
With no proud urn or monument's device,
Embalmed, embedded, in their Tombs of ice,
There clad inglorious with *no kindred clay,*
To feed the famished vultures of the day,
Or those of keener sense, who prowl to share,
Perchance the wolf, the wild dog or the Bear.
Revolving spring unveils each strife-earned pass, (27)
Each meagre mouldering mutilated mass ;
If sought, one look each ghastly scull retains,
Alike their bones all blanch upon the plains,
The dimpled cheek, the rosy smile expressed
The Patriot fire that warmed the valorous breast,

The heart sincere awake to friendship's tie,
The tongue best taught, more eloquent the eye ?
The courteous main, the stern unyielding glance,
That seemed unconquered 'neath the conqueror's lance ;
All mingle here, and he who else might claim,
Recorded annals of his country's fame,
Now rests unclaimed with scarce one pitying sigh,
To serve the scorn of some malignant eye—
Perchance Theatrical, by actors bore away,
To serve as spectre in some future play ;
Or men of science, craniologists,
Or Surgeons, sage, or skilled Anatomists.
Whilst this vile traitor still premeditates,
To add each Province to enrich the states ;
Yet cries for liberty, nor seeks to save,
A self-thought fugitive, and self-made slave,
Who, when to aid Columbians, would advance,
Absconds for safety to *Monarchic France* !

I saw him wan and shrinking from the storm,
By misery chastened, abject and forlorn,
Foes feared him not, he lit the rebel flame,
A while he stood as twinkling winter's gleam,
A sullen gloom proclaims the dastard's flight,
So fades the tinted glow worm of the night,
The vile assassins stalk their midnight round,
The bowknife glitters in the rankling wound,
Ghastly and pale in shrouds of midnight shade,
They silent stalk or mix in lonely glade ;
There point the steel, the well known objects take,
Exult the while and many a bosom break.

As some foul mist enfolds the eastern hue,
When zephyrs sleep and rest on morning dew ;
Low droops the flower, inverted lies its head,
Its fragrance vanished, every lustre dead,
Awakes the breeze, the sun surveys the pole,
Dispells the gloom and dissipates the whole ;





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Thus as a mist a death-like gloom they bring,
For these the mask the midnight tocsins ring,
They fear to fly, far more they fear to stand,
Their exile Chieftain shudders to command,
At length the day, the victory declares
Immortal glory to our volunteers !—

Propelled by steam, thus forced to navigate,
Brave Drew first taught them the sublime and great,
How proud, majestic awful was the sight,
To see them veering o'er Niagara's height ;
They mount the verge, precipitate they go,
In frittered, fractured fragments, from the flow ;
The mighty ship on mighty rocks rebounds,
The deaf'ning roar of cataract resounds ;
The teeming engines ply from rock to rock,
Ignite, explode and shiver with the shock,
The vivid flames exhaust their phantom fire,
Electric flash and beam volcanic ire.—

And next McNab, prond valued veteran thou, (28)
Whose worth and valour stamps thy martial brow,
Full well may you the honoured chaplet bear,
And with thy ranks thy equal honours share ;
For thee the muse whilst memory glides along,
Shall cheer the victors with the Poet's song ;
And give to history each glory bed,
To add to fame and eulogise the dead.

And ye proud boast, Britannia's prop and pride,
Whose conquering arms subdue the world beside,
What toils ye suffer, hardships undergo,
From Egypt's clime to unknown worlds of snow,
The Turks ye vanquished—France at Waterloo ; }
From east to west your potent arms subdue ; }
And still what will not proud ambition do ? }
Remotest regions yield to British might,
Unawed by climes they win the unequal fight.—

The Indian leader takes his faithful stand,
As Sparta's chief leads on his warlike band ;
The bowstrings twang, their missiles bullets fly,
The war whoop sounds for victory or die,
Assailed, assailants, conquered, conquerors still,
At length a Rebel seeks an Indian's will ;
Who bound in fetters thus their captives bring,
Enough they deem the horrors of the *string*,
Forbearing aught save in the field of strife,
Nor yet inflict the bowstring or the knife,
Nor use like other fiercer tribes Mohawk,
The torturing torments of the tomahawk.

How sad the landscape self made exile say,
Why urge a cause 'tis treason to obey ?
'Tis death to conquer,—can the laws forgive
A crime in victory and shame to live ?
A double torture to the feeling breast,
Who fancied wrongs by thee too ill express'd,

Or rashly fought, as that highminded Pole, (29)
For whom in tears the fatherless condole,
Who though by death bereaft of gallant sires,
Forgive and each his memory admires ;
The widow weeps her gallant hero dead,
Who fought and conquered and who nobly bled,
She sees the sacrifice he left his store,
She feels his bounty and she grieves no more.
With double pangs the lonely mourner sighs,
And pity's tear her sympathy supplies ;
A secret sorrow o'er her bosom creeps,
She shares her grief and 'neath the scaffold weeps ;—
The lonely Maid, deprived of love and all,
Distracted sees his ignominious fall,
She mats the ringlets of her clothed hair,
With frantic looks and tortured bosom bare ;
As erst Medusa madd'ning visions glow,
Or senseless sinks like Niobe in woe !
She feels her fate to melancholy known,
Who loved that patriot Emmet of our own ; (30)

Whose tender grief could ne'er subside, what though
She sought new climes from Indus to the Poë ?
In varied scenes where breathes the earliest spring
Still cheerless all where destitute of him ;
For him at length, her country's sacrifice,
She drooped and left another world her sighs,
As fades the flower when once you break the stem
Or pity weeps though justice may condemn,
His talents still his countrymen may scan,
And add to genius the *mistaken man* ;
Record the sentence which the court decreed,
His firm response to palliate the deed.

Let no man write my epitaph, let it,
And me repose till other times besit ;
Silence best adds her tribute of esteem,
Till other times my character redeem.
O ! plighted love, and thou fond guiltless fair,
When naught on earth bereft thee of despair,

How short thy stay, a Seraph saw thee sweep,
Awaked to bliss nor left thee long to sleep,
Thy tale so tender Ervin's lines impart,
You read the subject in the broken heart;
The pencil touched, so eloquently true,
Gave all to fact which melancholy drew.

O! Sawtell—thou whose tender breast can tell,
Where best the noblest, purest, virtues dwell;
Whose wealth constrained each object to relieve,
Though vast seemed scanty from the aid you give,
For thee the Muse should yield her holiest store,
Wake every sense to count thy kindness o'er;
Blest, favoured friend, whose only need can be
A grateful heart devoted e'er to thee;
Blest soul, best taught by virtues unconfin'd,
To grace new worlds with thy benignant mind;
Who, though perchance to distant realms I steer,
Shall be more prized, as memory holds thee dear;

And, Carter ! thou, when on the loathsome bed
Of sickness, pining, each fond feeling dead,
Who didst recall, awake suspended life,
Conflicting, struggling in its mortal strife ;
Yet what avails the bitter draughts I take,
Make me each day more intimate with death ;
Even now must I, attendant on his hearse,
Commute my strains to elegiac verse !
Thus doubly doomed, in sadness to deplore
My valued friend, loved Sawtell, now no more ! (32)
Whose virtues vast to blessedness are flown,
Ere beamed the brightness of his happy dawn ;
Oh, painful moral ! brief was thy recall,
To pay that debt immensurate to all ;
Dear, lonely fair ! how changed thine hours from bliss,
Forgive the deed, — can Heaven do aught amiss ?
To day we bloom, the next, how vain to mourn,
We pass from whence no travellers return ;
No not one soul, of countless myriads gone,
Ordained for God's wise purposes, save One ;

All else inanimate, reanimated clay,
Still doomed to rise with co-eternal day,
Alike their bodies, yet with souls innate,
From dust to flesh again regenerate !

I own I'm not of Theologic mind,
Nor aught subscribe to doctrines so refined,
Perplexing study to confound the will,
The more we read the less instructed still ;
God's holy Decalogue, all else apart,
Enough's for me engraven on the heart.
I'll court death's frowns, his majesty defy,
For something still the Muses may supply ;
Methinks my monument, some *feeble* praise
May yet survive eternal in my lays ;
Some future critic yet may kindly say
He never sought to crowd his brows with bay,
Though modern Poets all expect the tree,
Yet still the muse may spare one sprig for me ;

Yet ill I speed, adversity my doom,
To seek a shelter in some kindred home,
Exalted notions crowding on each sense,
I fondly traversed half a world's expanse;
Still even here I feel some secret gloom,
Some sad presage prophetic of my doom !

Sweet land ! no hopes have I, then why recall
These youthful, happy, social hours, and all
These past endearments, though far hence I roam,
That link me captive to my native home ?
Yet to return, what boots my anxious will ?
Remembrance haunts my solitude, and still,
Ungrateful offspring, faithless as the blast,
Chill every anxious feeling for the past !
I will not here recur to scenes, or so
Reveal to future times my tales of woe ;
Resolved what will their aged sire befall,
To cast no shade of obloquy on all ;

Yet if to meditate, perchance, those lines
May meet their thoughtless gaze, when death consigns,
This feeling heart, too late may they atone,
When bitterest pangs of sorrow read their own.

Lost home, the world is now my home, and as
I brave the ocean's breast, I find, alas!
More kind complaisance on the angry deep,
For ne'er did mountain billows teach me yet to weep!
I go like some proud animal, whose stay
Depends contingent on the passing day,
Who stalks the desert with no steps retraced,
Resolved to seek sweet liberty at least,
And yet of proud desert, else how could I
Find fortitude all dangers to defy?
And still betimes some secret pangs I bear,
That throb, convulse, and agonize despair!
The city's glare, the sullen rocks I see,
This busy world seems solitude to me;

Of strange arrivals, or what news they bear,
I read not, know not, ask not, see not, hear;
As some lone hind, from well known pasture strayed,
I almost startle at the winds I breathe;
Still lost in doubt, no brighter prospects share,
Till *hope, reviving hope*, dispells despair!

O, Hope! thou glimmering meteor of the mind,
Thou sole surviving refuge of mankind,
Who 'midst all ills, plague, pestilence and care,
Both still survive the demon of despair!
Thou never fading ray, thou last kind aid,
In weary life, when earthly visions fade;
Who doth the immortal spirit beat compose
'Mong all its sad vicissitude of woes!
To thee I fly, deny not then sweet maid,
Thy ever bland consolatory aid;
Thou, that doth never smile, yet beaming bright,
Doth all eclipses with thy benignant might;

Nor yet austere, as by a sunbeam wrought,
Serene amidst all visionary thought;

- Whether on earthly wings thou shape thy flight,
In fancy's form, or yet to scenes more bright,
Ethereal, point to blessedness the way,
To realize thy unassuming sway;
Still thou dost cheer, all expectations bloom,
And point to glory 'mid sepulchral gloom.

Alas! my kindred, valued friends, and you,
De Courcy, honoured name, illustrious, who
Though not with potent arm of might, in blood,
Art still conspicuous for an heart as good.
As he, whose ancient privilege well known,
Derives his deathless honour from a throne; (33)
Whene'er I pause, in gratitude to thee,
How shall the tear of sorrow rest with me;
And thou, O'Grady! son of learned lord,
And chief, and baron, in each vast record.

Who didst unmixicate these subtle laws,
That gained from learned counsel just applause :
Accept, brave soul, thine heart can't ne'er refuse,
This humble tribute from the distant muse,
Who though remote, not this wide world can chill,
Though far we part, an heart that's with thee still.

Bleak, barren spot, ah ! why should I forsake
A fertile land to thread thy worthless brake ?
Labour alone thy sterile land surveys,
Breathes the dull round, or prematurely pays
An hard won pittance, through distress and toil,
Still doomed again to lavish on thy soil ;
O, land ! that's slothful, miserable, spot,
Ungracious sandbank may it be my lot
Remote to dwell 'mong happier kind abodes,
And leave to grasshoppers a land of toads !

Thou barren waste, unprofitable strand,
Where hemlocks brood on unproductive land,

Whose frozen air on one bleak winter's night
Can metamorphose *dark brown hares to white!*
Whose *roads* are *rivers*, o'er your fountains
See icebergs form your shining mountains,
And drifted snow, from arctic regions,
Gives sure employment to Canadians ;
Here roads ne'er known for many a summer,
Are now pass'd o'er by each new-comer,
All wrought one night, nor made of stone or gravel,
Complete withal and next day fit to travel,
Here forests crowd, unprofitable lumber,
O'er fruitless lands indefinite as number ;
Where birds scarce light, and with the north winds veer
On wings of wind, and quickly disappear,
Here the rough Bear subsists his winter year,
And licks his paw and finds *no better fare ;*
Here fishes swarm, now by reaction,
Congealed as ice seem petrification :
Till hottest ray with multiplying power
Dissolves and grants one genial shower.

In winter here, where all alike contrive,
And still withal few animals survive,
Till summer's heat, so potent and so quick,
Enough to make the *Crocodile* grow sick ;
With vile mosquitoes, lord deliver us,
Whose stings could blister a *Rhinoceros*.
If on the living insects are thus fed,
How ill must fare the worms when we are dead !
Each pest conspires,—how idle is precaution,
We're eat by these or perish by exhaustion !
One month we hear birds, shrill and loud and harsh,
The plaintive bittern sounding from the marsh ;
The next we see the fleet-winged swallow,
The duck, the woodcock ; and the ice-birds follow ;
Then comes, drear clime, the lakes all stagnant grow,
And the wild wilderness is rapt in snow.

The lank Canadian eager trims his fire,
And all around their simpering stoves retire ;

With fur clad friends their progenies abound,
And thus regale their buffaloes around ;
Unlettered race, how few the number tells,
Their only pride a *cariole and bells* !
To mirth or mourning, thus by folly led,
To mix in pleasure or to chaunt the dead !
To seek the chapel prostrate to adore,
Or leave their fathers' coffins at the door ! (35)
Perchance they revel ; still around they creep,
And talk, and smoke, and spit, and drink and sleep !
For pageant boards, with pillows never press't,
Too well display their mockeries of rest ;
The circling fume now clouds the fetid space,
And Frenchmen live some few like Indian race ;
Thus plot rebellion, eager to the fray,
Forsake their leaders and themselves betray !
Adverse to candour, heedless in the fight,
Urged on and vanquished in inglorious flight,
Yet feign would act, and for their country's weal,
Redress these wrongs they ne'er were known to feel

Thus passed a night, all chilling morn appears,
Then with his axe each to the wood repairs!

The weighty pine now feels the well judged stroke,
And falls recumbent on the neighbouring oak;
The half cut oak imparts the dexterous blow,
And branch to branch fall prostrate in a row;
Thus forests fall, the weak, the mighty feel
The toilsome influence of Canadian steel;
Hard earned task, the meed of other days,
Though hard the task, yet ill the toil repays!

Land of my fathers! green and fertile soil!
Ill fated spot, now rapt in endless broil,
Thy bigot sons, thy democrats for fires;
Have sealed thy ruin and thy misery;
The night assassins, instigating band,
There prowls for murder with each Rockite hand!

For deeds like these bad government at home,
With stern disgust I left my stately dome,
In far sought climes, more happy thence to roam; }
Here, as the ice-bound rivers glide away,
And raise their frozen heads in stern array,
The massive piles now check the current's force,
With upraised strength o'erwhelmed in their course;
Again they sink, again they reappear,
Till, gathering strength, a mountain's weight they bear!
To fragments broken, see again they bound,
And quick to the murmuring waves resound,
'Till floating wide a grotesque shape they form,
Propell'd aloft and wafted by the storm,
Subsiding waves a fadeless line imbue,
In varied shade, that strikes the wonderer's view;
And yet amaz'd, our gazing eyes we fix,
And wonder more their waters never mix! (36)
The humble Richelieu glides on in awe,
As if the sainted river chid its flow;

Yet all seems peace, where lofty sails unfurled,
Grace the still waters of a new known world ;
Down float the fragile piles and circling wide,
Augment new terrors to the boisterous tide
Of foaming surf, and like false mirrors creep
O'er the vast bosom of the briny deep ;
'Mid the drear night, how oft the moon's bright ray,
Effulgent glancing on the watery spray ;
God's universal watch, a warning bright,
To dauntless seamen yielding life and light,
Points out the distant glare, false mirrors shown,
To tempt, or yet these dangerous tracks to shun,
Where field ice forms, and drifting plains immense,
Crowd on the troubled ocean's wild expanse ;
The floating crags protrude, extending, more compact,
In solid ranks retire, advancing form abreast ;
As some proud foe whose martial skill appears
In battle's front, and as each foeman nears,
Shows double tack, and certain of defeat,
Concerts his best last project for retreat ;

Thus the brave tar eludes his coming foe,
Till all's dispersed, and kindlier breezes blow.
He takes his destined rout and briskly cheers,
As through the gulph the wished for land he nears.

How blithe, how brisk, the pilot boat appears,
Her snow white sail half breasted by the breeze,
She seems alike all elements to brave;
As some lone bird that sleeps upon the wave;
She tacks, she veers, as though she lost her way,
Or seeks to find a land-mark in each spray;
The ready gun, the lofty pennon flies,
The signal known, as promptly she replies;
Again she veers to 'scape the dangerous land,
The Pilot boards and supersedes command;
As through the channell'd maize he steers the way,
The crew all hail and cheerfully obey.

Alas! my country, had'st thou but such guide,
To steer thy helm, and lean to mercy's side,

To feel thy wants and guide thy rugged way,
Thy prospering sons would cheerfully obey ;
Unawed by might, still duteous to command,
A faithful people and a virtuous land ; (37)
Who, if appeased by gentle deeds, or so
Had never planned their country's overthrow ;
In this drear soil, what though its deserts vast,
Be chill as death, and bleak the wintry blast ; (38)
Its humble poor more happiness can share,
'Mong scenes like these than in the great man's glare,
Devoted Ireland, now by faction led,
Far, far from thee I'll slumber with the dead ;
No pompous urn shall decorate my grave,
To tell I once was numbered with the brave !
Unknown, unheeded, with no honoured stone,
My name a blank, my progeny unknown ;
For what is name, to those in this vast land ?
As to some boundless shore one particle of sand ;
In quick succession, new formed groups arise,
We buzz about and propagate as flies !

Close in the shelter of a lonely glen,
Where stunted alders spread o'er marsh and fen,
Where the still brooks, their stagnant waters lave,
No sun to cheer, and scarce one friendly wave,
To move their noxious waters darkly drear,
O'erhung with mantling forests in the rear.
There stands a cottage, dismal, cold and dank,
Scarcely one tufted eminence, a bank ;
Sustained its structure where with aspect dim,
It lay projected from the watery brim.
Here serpents, toads, and vile mosquitoes, lay
Concealed and shrinking, from the sun's bright ray ;
When summer beamed, its wintry charms suffice,
One bearded, hoary wilderness of ice ;
Beside the precincts of this drear abode,
An ill wrought bridge—proclaimed a public road ;
Yet where it lay in winter, none could tell,
Though once it led from 'Masca to Sorel.
'Fore men were wafted by the snowy breeze,
And slid more safely on the tops of trees ; (39)

On snowy heights, retraced each coming day,
By free born souls who had no tolls to pay.
Thus gracious Heaven, mean mortals well supply,
And grant them easy passages on high ;
For here the artist hath no means at hand,
Whose sole *materials* are composed of *sand*. (40)
Thus roads are things, in this wild clime unknown,
Where snow wrought highways must suffice for stone.

In this vile spot, o'erhung with hoary tops
Of lofty pines, which now the wild hare crops,
Lay this abode, yet sadly sank below
In subterraneous passages of snow.

'Twas noon—an emigrant, I thought him so,
Immersed in grief and clad with rippling snow,
Tapt at my frozen door and asked to tell,
Where lay the road, from 'Masca to Sorel ;

I pointed out the frozen track that lay,
Thus manufactured, the preceding day, } (41)
By many a vehicle, cariole and sleigh ;

He seemed to tell his sorrows to the blast,
Muttering some quaint orisons as he passed,
Forced by the drifting of the snowy breeze,
O'erhung with frost, and icicles that freeze ;
As passing this strange edifice so rare,
He paused to find out who the inmates were ;
A something lit upon his troubled brain,
And finding all past efforts sadly vain ;
For since the vast wide ocean first he crossed,
To find the much loved Sylvia they deemed lost,
Since none as yet informed him what befell,
He deemed an *accident* might serve to tell.
Three years now gone, and seven long years beside,
Since first she past the western ocean wide,
For he got tidings how she went away,
And with brave Alfred passed the raging sea.

He stooped, and pausing, as he felt the latch,
A small gray dog, the guardian and the watch,

Proclaimed a stranger's entrance at the door,
Who, as he chid his rudeness, barked the more ;
Next came a courteous wan-worn visage, clad
In sad habiliments, a tartan plaid ;
Perchance first formed to grace proud Scotia's rills,
And spread its lustre o'er her native hills,
Lay careless flung, and o'er her slender waist
A short light raiment of Canadian taste ;
She smiled a smile of small and short relief,
For as it passed it left more marks of grief,
And seemed as if the phantom of despair
Had planted more than melancholy there.
Her eyes were fixed, a *portrait* still she drew
To fancy some similitude she knew
She paused, she gazed, her phrenzied looks discover,
She sees the original—her Brother.

As some prized statue by Canova wrought,
With all save life to best perfection brought,

Stands all astounded as our Lord doth rise
And wants but words to testify surprise.
So stood fair Sylvia, not with less amaze,
Quick falls the life-drawn picture from her gaze,
Her quivering lip, her utterance denies,
And the big tear-drop glistened from her eyes.

Then art thou Sylvia ? speak, or doth a dream,
Pervade my sense, or doth a phantom gleam ?
Bear love and joy, or can some sad disguise,
Be thus the sudden rapture of surprise.
O, sister, tell ! despell all past dispair ;
Speak, Sylvia, speak, and thus my raptures share.
Her bright eye gleamed, and o'er her faltering tongue,
Her wonted soft and sweet expression hung.
O, yes, loved Osmond, pardon, pity, say,
Thy Sylvia lives to love thee and obey.

As when love bears the welcome quick reprieve,
His bride the messenger to some proud chief,

Who for his country's fame like Wallace bled,
And oft with pride their conquering legions led,
The noble breast with conscious pride disdains
His foes, and still his fortitude maintains ;
His faithful fair too anxious to impart
(Her utterance, grown too heavy for her heart,)
Enraptured still presents the timed decree,
Exults and weeps and sets her warrior free ;
Convulsed each feeling raptured tongues repressed.
She can no more than falter on his breast ;
Her mighty lord to wrongs endurant grown,
Assumes her sorrows and forgets his own ;
Transmuted joy from griefs alternate rise,
She faints, revives in ecstasy, and dies ;
The weary chief indignant to survive,
Arrests the poignard and disdains to live ;
Their country's tears bedew their hapless grave,
So fell the great, the faithful and the brave ;
Yet many weep whilst all condemn that creed,
And mightier souls all shudder at the deed.

How sad the doom, let reasoning sophists say,
Can such fell deeds true fortitude display ;
Why take that life you can no longer give,
Why do a dead, can heaven the dead forgive ?
The suppliant sinner fears from life to part,
Whilst life's last gasp still struggles in his heart,
One fears to live, the other fears to die.
Too late ! yet, oh ! it is not meet that I
Condemn— ; the thought let abler pens supply ;
Both act the coward, both alike impart,
At best, one seems the other's counterpart.

'Tis strange this strange digression, by the bye,
Reminds me now that Sylvia did not die ;
Her fate was this, her joy survived her grief,
She felt new hopes and boldly dared to live ;
Her Alfred gone, what could she suffer more,
Seven months elapsed, his absence to deplore ;
She pined and felt her tottering limbs decay,
And yet beguiled, her anxious hours away ;

Six orphans left deprived of his behest,
With one babe more a *burden* on her breast ;
All, all, the saddest tokens love could leave,
To lisp didactic praises on the brave ;
And yet she smiled, a brooding sorrow met,
That cheerful smile, and mingling with regret,
Recalled love's dream, she seemed pure nature's child,
And wept and wished that she *had never smiled !*
Hope, joy, affection, tenderness o'erflow,
And sink as soon in plenitude of woe.

To whom, loved object, dear as life can give,
To see thee only weep is to forgive ;
Say what sad destiny, mysterious heaven
Hath doomed thee thus ? Never wert thou driven,
A lonely exile from thy princely dome,
That thus in saddest solitude you roam ;
If to transgress, by secret flight unknown,
Was most thy crime, thy absence shall atone

For this, and if to love, then bear brave Alfred hence,
A father's wealth and joy shall recompense.
Then haste my Sylvia, where is Alfred, say?
A fathers' tears importune thee away;
Yet much I fear, ere I this tale impart,
Despair from my long absence, breaks his heart.

To whom fair Sylvia, oh! that I could call
That parent mine his tenderness and all.
These kind emotions, he imprest when young,
With all these tender dictates of his tongue!
O, I could drink from him, his saddest tear,
Loved, honoured, most and next my Alfred dear!
And still I hope if all my kindred live,
Compassion's tear may force them to forgive.

Alas, my home! no home have I to cheer,
From self-reproach, the anguish of despair;
In sad reflection madd'ning griefs bestow,
The deepest pangs of solitary woe!

Why have I fled, my courteous halls and all,
These fond reflections' fleeing hours recall !
Which like fond visions o'er my memory creep,
And wake my soul from luxuries of sleep,
Alas, my sire ! a parent's name shall I
Unduteous call, and though with heaving sigh,
Express that sound, oh no, all utterance vain,
Augments the more the tenor of my pain.
I scarce can call thee father ! sympathy
No more accords with misery and me ;
The kind reproach, or oh ! the bounteous tear
In fond affection, claims no kindred here ;
Yet, if to live, my Osmond thus impart,
The pangs you borrow from a broken heart !
Thou ill can'st bear, yet thou the tale must tell,
Where lingering life's last contemplations dwell.

They kissed, and with a long sought fond embrace,
As unexpected as the sun's bright face,
Should leave his sphere at the mid hour of night,
To dim the moon-beam's lustre with his light.

See the hoar tempest sweeps the icy plain,
And fractured woods their branches scarce sustain ;
A drifted canopy of snow they bear,
And scarce their antiquated honours rear ;
The sheltered squirrel from his attic height,
Now headlong falls, and feels the storm's might !
His well wrought store, his wintry feast he sees
Dispersed aloft and wafted by the breeze ;
His house a ruin, all its inmates cast
Outstretched to famish in the northern blast ;
Around in famine, soon immersed below,
He sees one heap of congregated snow ;
Though hard his fate, adversity supplies
No brighter prospect 'mid the sacrifice.
The Rook, though slumbering on the highest mast,
Still starts and trembles at the merciless blast ;
Though inaccessible the dizzy height,
He stands aloft and shudders at the sight.
The lightning's flash in awful glimpse he sees,
The thunder's roar responded by the trees,

And fears his fate in tremulous amaze,
'Till bursting clouds the elements appease ;
Down rolls the torrent from the headlong steep,
Wide foams the gulf where fractured barriers sweep
In ruptured fragments o'er the bolsterous rill,
That drowns the desert's mean, tempestuous still
The waving pines their fastnesses forsake,
And blend their antique honours with the brake ;
Now falls the mighty monarch of the brook,
No more protected by its neighbouring oak,
The turbid stream seems by the tempest stayed,
To check the ruin that itself hath made ;
All nature seems convulsed, forked lightning flies,
The raging tempest cleaves the angry skies !
Whilst teeming clouds with these alike conspire,
And seem to set all elements on fire.

But, ah ! the rook to other lands can fly,
The desert still the squirrel may supply ;

From want and wretchedness he yet me ; flee,
 And seek for shelter in some cave won ;
 The passing bird the heedless flocks that roam,
 May find subsistence in each happy home.
 Yet, O, my country ! seek not, ask not, here,
 The sad lament, nor crave the stranger's tear ;
 All fare alike, on scant subsistence fed,
 In vain we crave one morsel of their bread ;
 And yet withall, I must not, will not tell,
 I have not met some friends I loved full well,
 Fond hearts that cherished sentiments refined,
 Alike congenial to the kindred mind ;
 And here let flattery paint no picture, brought
 To false perfection, as by artist wrought,
 With ready hand all eagerly portrayed,
 The more that flatters, as the price is paid.
 I ask no boon, kind Harrower, from you,
 Accept the praise, to probity is due ;
 Benignant soul, true emblem of the brave,
 All bounteous smiling as thy kind heart gave ;

By courteous arts, ne'er studeous to refine,
For native worth and dignity was thine;
Sincere in friendship, *few thy faults can scan,*
Approved by those, as erst thou led the van
Of loyal hearts, who still in thee repose,
Their safest guardian 'gainst Britannia's foes.
O, happy climes! where suns eternal glow,
From verdant fields where pouting rivulets flow,
Where all creation seems one endless spring,
And nature yields, and birds eternal sing,
Where chilling want, and poverty unknown,
Gives strength and vigour to the tempered zone;
Your *Lower Province* summer sun's may grace,
As men give beauty to some new known face;
But still beware how long may you confide,
The friend proves best, most valued, when best tried,
Let Erin pause, and well reflect in time,
And ere her sons seek transatlantic clime,
Brave storms and seas true wretchedness to share,
And seek for shelter in a northern sphere;

Let Erin pause, and ere her venturers go,
Far better still to bear the ills we know;
And who such strange infatuation sees,
To force the poor to famish or to freeze.
Her faction's leaders yet may lend an ear,
And aid their poor to find subsistence near;
Religion's chieftains one day may relax,
And bounteous nobles grant the good they ask,
Wisdom restrain and goodness overawe,
Give labour recompence, and mend the law.

See now rude spring, his wished for visit pays,
And teeming earth an hideous form displays;
The ruptured rivers scarce their banks restrain,
And fractured ice rolls headlong to the main;
The swollen brooks extend their awful course,
Dissolving snow supplies each trackless source;
The checquered landscape varying as it goes,
Still adds to hope and promises repose.

Now boatsmen cheer, the steaming engines ply,
The busy hands, their various ships supply ;
The sliding sleigh no longer now conveys
The hoarded timber o'er the ice formed ways
The toil complete, 'tis Molsons' the control,
With Tate and Terrance to conduct the whole ;
Wise, kind, beneficent, alike endowed,
A people's safeguard, and a public good ;
And here the rook his contrast visage brings,
Smooths his black plumes, and strokes his glittering wings ;
The chattering blackbird seeks the lonely glade,
And tuneless birds flock murmuring to the shade,
Discordant notes now rend the list'ning ear,
As if to tell misfortune brought us here ;
The catbird screams the sullen redbreast's rest,
With mutest tongues their every note repeat ;
The shrill loud whistler joins his life-like note,
Sounds his loud trump and glides to lands remote ;
And next the frog strains forth his croaking throat,
And loud proclaims each reptile is afloat ;

The hissing serpent eager seeks his prize,
Death in his grasp and terror in his eyes.
The moss brown surface, soon appears to view
Each poisonous herb assumes its different hue ;
The famished flocks demand their masters' care,
'Till spring adds vigor to the opening year.
How happy he, by art who best contrives,
How truly blest if half his stock survives ;
For me I ask, implore no greater meed,
Since cruel winter spared my trusty steed ; (42)
A cow besides, one solitary guest,
To aid the screaming orphan at the breast,
All else preserved, their frozen relics we see,
Diurnal emblems of mortality.
Thus doomed to serve six winter months at least,
The day's repast or each contingent feast ;
Exhausted nature sullen at the sight,
Combines each gloomy object to affright ;
Rebellion raging, ruthless is the foe,
Urged by Mackenzie and vile Papineau,

Who stand aloof, whilst suffering Britons chide
 A Gosford's politics, a Durham's pride;
 Yet cheering hopes their absence best supplies
 Whilst mighty Wolfe in Colborne still survives.

END OF CANTO I.

NOTES TO THE EMIGRANT.

CANTO I.

(1) Cape Clear, a projection of land, the last visible, on leaving the southern coast of Ireland.

(2) Not even a century ago, the process for the recovery of debts in Ireland, was quite simple and unexpensive; to recover a debt over the value of ten pounds is now fair game for the profession; if the unfortunate debtor is destitute of means at the moment, a latitat is now served a few days previous to term. An appearance is then entered, which makes the costs double the principal in the first instance; then comes the hearing of the case, or a plea of confession, finally an execution, which in several instances, pauperises the unhappy defendant, and ultimately reduces him on the list of insolvents; he has then to act honourably with the public, and so it frequently occurs, he that feels a repugnance to pay his just debt in the first instance, feels very little disposed to pay it with an accumulation of costs. The onus then rests with the plaintiff, to whom the agent applies as a dernier resort; before proceedings are taken, the attorney takes special

good care of himself, and protects him from any unfavourable issue to the injury of his own speculations; and it often happens, the plaintiff is sued in his turn for the debts and costs due by the defendant to himself; another execution is then obtained by the kind officiator, once in his favour, which leads to the final annihilation of both parties. The respective properties are now advertised, a third person steps in, and thus by a description of secret policy, the attorney becomes purchaser to the entire, at not the one fifth part of its value. I should have mentioned the writs for execution are still addressed to the coroners of counties, to whom it is a lucrative situation. They get five guineas besides, for inquests held on dead bodies from one assizes to the other. The coroner in former years, always made himself most conspicuous, by riding on a *white horse* in Ireland; every person to whom it became an interest had his look out of course, and borrowed time in this way at his discretion; the honour of an Irishman was now the pledge between them, and I have often seen this have such an effect, that men both begged and borrowed to uphold himself in society. Many of the coroners of the present day entertain no such feeling as their predecessors. They plot in secrecy and publicly ruin either their captive or his means; there are some, however much applauded, and worthy respectable gentlemen.

When in Ireland, I have often heard anecdotes of coroners, amongst which the following is the most remarkable; I was also at that time favoured with the following ludicrous event, which led to the underneath emanation from the Poet's pen, much in the style of the

celebrated Peter Pindar, and acknowledged not inferior to him in fancy :

A well known character, generally designated by the appellation of Mr. Snuffle, availing himself of his right of disinterment, frequently went disguised at midnight, to aid a certain Anatomical institution, by which he was bribed for the procurement of dead bodies.

One night Mr. Snuffle set out as a missionary, from the said Anatomists, attended by another accomplice, to the full as unprincipled and as witless as himself, having arrived at a country church-yard, after extreme difficulty, a subject was taken out, on which Mr. Snuffle held an inquest the preceding day. It now became necessary to ascertain how the body was to be conveyed in secrecy, and also to elude the sagacity of the driver, who remained at a suitable distance, with his carriage in requisition. Mr. Snuffle having had the precaution to bring a bag for this purpose, easily dislodged his booty, and thus a substitute was found for a coffin ; however, the difficulty now arose which of the two was to be the bearer ; Snuffle pleaded his importance, the other only sought remuneration, and here a discussion took place which evidently ended, Mr. Snuffle having had to launch out one sovereign for the services of his comrade, the bag and the booty were next placed upon a tombstone, with a hay-rope embracing the middle of the bag, so as to grasp the unfortunate man at his centre ; this being effected they now set forth with the most eager precipitation ; but here a most ludicrous circumstance had nearly cost them their lives. A noise was heard proceeding from the interior of the carcass, which on excitement became more audible ; concluding the man still alive, they now dispersed in

the utmost trepidation, taking different directions, to allay their fears and gain shelter from the inclemency of the night. Mr. Snuffle, under the circumstances, not thinking it prudent to make himself known, and dreading a discovery which must lead to his utter disgrace, had to endure the mortification of lying in a hedgerow in a state of concealment and terror, indescribable, for several hours; he had, however the good fortune to rejoin his companion, by the aid of a whistle, which he prudently brought with him, to use in case of emergency, imitating therewith the sonorous screamings of an owl; this being the peculiar note resolved upon as a signal of distress, and prudently to avoid the responses of any rustic, who might be within call, at a moment of danger. It being now near day-break, they set out in quest of the driver; who, worn out with fatigue and impatience, had already absconded, they were now forced to the dire necessity of proceeding on foot, a distance of twelve miles, to Limerick, worn out with every species of disappointment and mortification.

The bag and body were found next morning; another inquest was held of course; and such was the audacity of this iniquitous coroner, he actually instructed a jury to find a verdict of murder against some person or persons unknown, and had not the circumstances of the case led to a partial discovery of the real facts, some innocent blood, might have been spilt for the supposed murder. It was moreover proved the man died of dropsy, the agitation of which fluidical matter was now well known to the coroner, as the cause of his unhappy disappointment on the preceding night.

The importuning necessities of Mr. Snuffle, I make no doubt, have often led him to the commission of facts he

would otherwise never have contemplated ; with a credulity inconceivable, he has often been led into error ; otherwise how could he have become a sacrifice to the pen of the malignant writer who describes him thus :

A TALE.

THE CORONER AND THE GHOST.

There lived a coroner so bluff,
A well known character, Jim Snuff ;
Who made by dead men all his gains,
Though not remarkable for brains ;
Not Solomon the wise could say
If he had brains or where they lay.

This coroner was no way noted
For wisdom or orations quoted ;
Yet he instinctively could scent
Dead carcasses where'er he went,
He far surpassed all carrion crows,
In this the virtue of his nose.

Jim Snuffle was to church averse,
The litany would ne'er rehearse,
For there the preacher always saith
Good lord deliver us from sudden death.

Jim Snuffle prayed both night and morning
That men might die without *God's* warning.

Jim Snuffle was well known throughout,
He dealt so mischievous a rout ;
Some men he seized at dissolution,
Others by writs or execution ;

In fact no mortal could contrive
To shun Jim Snuffle, dead or alive.

It happened one cold day in March,
The rain was thick, the wind was harsh,
Ned Swig who just escaped a scuffle,
Set out post haste for Mr. Snuffle;
And thus pathetically said,
My brother Paddy is just dead.

Just dead, said Jim now are you sure
He's past recovery and cure,
O, Lord! says Ned with great surprise,
I saw him dead with both my eyes,
If not I'll pay you for your trouble,
What though your fee may cost me double.

Jim Snuffle now resolved to go
Whether the man was dead or no,
With eagerness he takes his course,
And both rode barebacked on one horse,
Jim was timid to confide,
So placed Ned foremost as his guide:
And thus at length they both arrived
And found poor Paddy still alive.

Jim Snuffle now read o'er his pannel,
Then asked how long, or was the man ill?
To go or stay he knew not which,
So sought the shelter of a ditch;
And there in sage deliberation,
He spent some time in consultation.

Full three long hours in this state
 Did Jim impatiently await,
 More pain he felt more anxious sighing
 Than Pat could feel if he was dying.

More pangs he felt at every sigh,
 Lest lingering Paddy should not die.

At length death ended Paddy's rout,
 Jim heard with extacy the shout,
 At least Jim Snuffle thought it so,
 And thinking it high time to go ;
 Now held his inquest rather soon
 Resolved to travel before noon.

Scarcely Jim was one half hour fled
 When Paddy raised his ghost-like head,
 He saw such galaxy of light,
 Which nearly killed him from the fright,
 A coffin, taper and a shroud,
 Besides a ghastly howling crowd.

O, Lord ! says Pat, what means this cry,
 Say am I dead, or where am I ?
 Why place me thus within a coffin,
 Why bring my neighbours hither scoffing ?
 Why did not some old women shake me,
 Or strive some kindlier way to wake me ?

In truth, quoth Ned, 'twas all my fault,
 The coroner I surely brought ;
 He and the jury both agreed
 These three long hours you have been dead,
 How can we reconcile the flaw,
 Henceforth you must be dead in law.

Jim Snuffle now what most surprises
Hands this presentment *at assizes* ;
The matter passes as of course,
Jim Snuffle suffers no remorse ;
He cares not what men say at most,
And still contends it is *Pai's ghost*.

(3) The brilliancy of Curran's wit shot like electricity on his hearers ; Lord Norbury established the character of a punster in his time, and was equally celebrated for his severity as a criminal judge,—his name was Toler, and once was he denominated by Curran under the ambiguous expression, a *toler-able-judge*. It happened Curran and he sat to dinner one day ; amongst the various dishes an *ox's tongue* was served up to table, and placed opposite our advocate. Curran as profuse of the ox's tongue as he was of his own, asked his lordship would he helped ; his lordship inadvertantly asked Curran was it hung beef ? I am not quite certain, replied Curran, if not my lord, you have only to *try* it. Judge F——r, was one of the party and enjoyed the joke, little conceiving at the moment it may come to his own turn to bear the brunt of Curran's humour. The conversation soon changed to the state of the country, at one part of which his lordship officiated some time back, and then gave what was considered by the government a most inflammatory charge to the grand jury. Amidst the general conversation, F——r remarked the country in which he sat was now woefully disturbed, by white-boys firing shots, particularly at night ; pooh, said Curran, is that all, why that's nothing my lord, it must be they only *fire off your old charge*. One day happening to meet the Lord Chancellor of Ire-

and, in presence of Lord Norbury, and coming from the direction of the crowd, the chancellor eagerly demanded of Curran to know what meant that vast assemblage? Why said Curran, they only delay a little my lord to see the *Babes in the wood*. It happened two convicts were then in the pillory, who received sentence from Lord Norbury, not many moments before.

Passing through Dublin with more speed than usual, it being near court time, unattended, and possessing as he did an appearance not the most enviable, his vehicle accidentally came in contact with another. Gigs as they were called, were then quite the ton, this happening to be one, a young gentleman of most fashionable and self-important appearance, sat on its elevated cushion. Why hang it you fellow, exclaimed he, how dare you presume, or do you mean to drive over me,—I am almost disposed to chastise you for your insolence? What, said Curran, whose indignation was now aroused, viewing him most contemptuously, who are you, you presuming puppy, that dare address me in this manner? My name is Shiel, vociferated our hero. Ho! ho! says Curran, affecting the slang of the true Irish peasant, true enough, by gannies I often heard tell of *Shiel-nygig*; but I never saw him till now, and so he passed on. The adventure was soon made known to the discomfiture of his antagonist, who was better known by that appellation for ever after. In fact Curran's wit beamed like a meteor, and when it once shone, there were no bounds to its flashes.

The most pointed and sarcastic pun ever uttered by my Lord Norbury, was probably the following: The Hon. Hobert Fitzgibbon, second son to the late Earl of Clare, unfortunately seduced the wife of the Hon. Mr. Moore,

(much to the dishonour of that honourable gentleman, by the bye.) Mr. Fitzgibbon arrived in Dublin some time after, and happening to meet Lord Norbury, in his rambles, as the usual prelude to conversation, Fitzgibbon remarking the fineness of the weather, thus addressed his lordship. A fine day my lord. Yes, indeed, replied his lordship, fine weather truly, I already perceive the Woodcocks are quitting their *moors*.—Mrs. Moore was a Miss Woodcock.

Arriving in Limerick, as a judge on circuit, he addressed himself to a young lady, the only rival in beauty of the celebrated Miss Ormsby. Nothing could exceed the loveliness of either, and had Paris such equal competitors in his time, it would have puzzled him much more than it did, to decide which was best entitled to the golden apple; they may well indeed have been stiled the graces; but where could you find a third equal to each to make up the number? Shortly after his arrival, his lordship meeting Miss Sergeant at promenade, after the mutual courtesies of salutation had passed, and hearing her accosted as usual, What, exclaimed his lordship, not married yet? why then I suppose your father intends to make you a *permanent sergeant*. This did not so happen, both she and her lovely rival were shortly after married, and lived to enjoy that true and lasting happiness, which beauty combined with loveliness, and virtue should best enjoy.

Having used the synonomous terms also, and likewise too frequently, in the course of some pleading, (no doubt for some particular purpose, best known to himself at the moment,) Curran being asked by one of their lordships on what account, when both words expressed the same sense, wittily replied,—making at the same time a most material difference, in their application, the witt shone

as a thunderbolt upon one of the two judges, who then happened to preside. Thus will a powerful wit effect any thing, and make that seemingly appear in reality, which has no colour in existence.

Two judges were seated, a cause to decide,
Great Curran appearing with wit at his side,
Was asked by his lordship what difference could be,
Twixt also and likewise, which he used frequently ?
Your lordship, said Curran, great difference there be,
And that I'll explain by his lordship and thee,
His lordship's a judge, then the case well applies,
You are a judge *also*, but art not *like-wise*.

(4) There is not a nation on earth, that boasts more of its equity and laws, than the English ; nor is there a nation that requires a more just application of them. Laws are now so perplexed and expensive in Ireland, he who has most money is sure to succeed best ; I do not mean to say the judges are corrupt, I only allude to the delays occasioned, and especially by a tribe of crafty people denominated attornies, who have perverted these laws, and almost engrossed the wealth of the country, at this moment, vide Four Courts Marshalsea Dublin, where you may be instructed in every case of their delinquency.

(5) Prior to the legislative union, the Chancellor of Ireland held his situation as such during life. Coequal to the other judges in the minor courts ; subject however to the contrôle of the English Government ; in cases of corruption, which as far as I could learn, seldom or never was known to occur, the Earl of Clare was the last Irish Chancellor, this duty he fulfilled with the strictest integrity ; yet unhappily precluded a like right of succession,

from a local acquaintance with the landed proprietors of Ireland, and the general usages of that country, the various cases which came before him, were more speedily terminated than now.

Ireland must be indebted to the sister country for the good opinion she now entertains of her learned profession, as if no man of sufficient talent and probity was to be had among her whole population, to discharge the office. The situation now held subject to the caprice of ministerial power in England, is a regular brain-blow to those unfortunately involved in chancery suits.

(6) I sailed from Waterford on the 3rd of April, 1836. Another vessel left port at the same moment, both were commanded by brothers, [anxious to keep company as long as possible; they were however, separated in a storm, yet met afterwards in the gulf, stern to stern at midnight, they came to; our captain and myself visited the other vessel.—Eat heartily, drank grog and so returned, having at the same time proceeded a short way on our voyage. Being asked at landing how I sailed and in what vessel, I replied I came over in two ships; this they conceived to be an Irish blunder, yet when explained was perfectly obvious.

(7) On the first of May the morning beamed transcendantly beautiful, not a wave was seen to ruffle the immense sea, it breathed a complete calm, and well did our crowd of emigrants conceive the nature of other calms. The fife and fiddle were early resorted to, with these instruments, not according to perfect harmony, the merry dance was kept up to a late hour, a few artificial roses were strewed emblematic of the real, a few goblets were sipped, a few amorous glances exchanged, and thus ended the pastime.

(8) Our liberal patriotic parliament, at one period lent themselves to obtain a grant of twenty millions, to emancipate the blacks, leaving their population at home, together with their Irish protestant clergy, in the most abject state of distress, owing to the clemency of some and the heedless principles of others of the same parliament. The clergy were thus left for a period of four years in the most abject state of mendicity; at length one half million only was granted them as a loan, for the payment of which they were applied to, when perfectly unable to collect their revenues, either for the present or the past. I myself was among the sufferers; disgusted with the government, and unable to exist at home, I sailed for America, with a small competency, and abandoned the tithe question altogether. My revenue amounted to £382 currency, which is now owing to me these seven years, with very little prospect at present to be arranged.

(9) The laws of England actually prohibit the rights of Christian interment to those guilty of suicide. Those who commit this act are generally deposited outside the walls of some old monastery, generally resorted to for this purpose.

(11) The late Earl of Clare and his family were little distinguished for antiquity in their day. He begged his learning, which was no disgrace; yet led him to the most unpopular events. Being of a most intrepid and petulant disposition, and well versed in the dry study of the law, he raised himself in his profession, and influenced a great many; he at length got into parliament, was made a fit tool for the purpose by the English Ministry and foremost in promoting the Union, which he afterwards regretted when he lost all his popularity. At his arrival in Eng-

land to speech and command that noble house as he was wont to do in his own, he met with every disdain and reproach he so meritly deserved. The noble Duke of Bedford was foremost to accuse him, he did so most virulently, giving him the complete picture of himself. Unable to withstand an host of British pride and indignity, he fled the scene altogether, never after returned, and died of a broken heart.

At that period, when the legislative union was first imposed, no doubt can be entertained, but the measure was a most unpopular one in Ireland. It was then gained by all the energies of Britain, directed by the ablest minister, who ever graced the councils of the then Monarch, George the Third. There seemed to be a necessity for the alliance, and considering the then state of both nations probably nothing could have served both better at the moment—England at war as she was with half the population of the civilized world, threatennd with a French invasion, and besides with her Irish subjects, for the most part in a state of heartless rebellion,—how was she to act? There was left but one alternative, to consolidate the loyalty and strength of both; the measure might have been avoided, however, had those then in office checked the growing evil, had the *Earl of Clare* and such *influential characters*, destroyed the canker in its origin, it never could have blighted the bud, much less the tree. If the consequences have been since baneful to Ireland, she in a great measure must attribute it to a portion of her own restless inhabitants, who have been ever active to thwart the councils of those who were best calculated to regulate the international affairs of both countries. Never was there a more glorious reign than that of George the Third, as if

blest by the all seeing eye of Providence, he wielded the sceptre of peace and war, and with an uncompromising rectitude, preserved England in all her pride, and led her by a *settled* policy to her present zenith of glory. Had Sir Robert Peel, who I may say, stood in the shoes of the immortal Pitt; had he continued in office, without the molestation of these newly raised demagogues, who have since disgraced the councils of both nations, Ireland probably would have no reason to repent at the present moment. These have excited such bad feeling amongst the peasantry, few men of property, even now, wish to venture amongst them, influenced as they are, by the distracted feeling of religious animosity. It is deplorable to see the wealth of Ireland expended as it is, in the sister country; which unavoidably must be the case, until a mutual confidence is restored, and all sectarian differences are exploded. The union has now long since passed into a law; and if the people will only unite with a proper cordiality, I feel confident Ireland would have no reason to blush when amalgamated with the proud banners of Britain.

(12) We had a death on board our vessel, probably from the effects of former intemperance. Our carpenter was snapt off; scarce was animation at a close, when matters were arranged for his departure, a collection of useless articles, *coals, old irons, and nails* were appended to the sack, into which he was flung unceremoniously, and thus was he consigned to the deep with the following exclamation from a brother tar: Damn my eyes, says Jack, you may now set up a blacksmiths' forge, you take with you the necessary ingredients.

(13) Those unacquainted with the northern climates, have little idea of an iceberg—conceive a tremendous bo-

dy floating on the main ocean, one third of its magnitude only observable, owing to its ponderosity extending in some instances, a multitude of miles in diameter, with an altitude proportionable; should a vessel sail to its vicinity, even before its appearance, the danger is made known—the air becomes cold as you approach the object, until at length the danger is manifest, the general practice then is to evade its proximity as much as possible and with every speedy effort.

(14) The reader will please to recollect the vessel I sailed in was called the *Ocean*. This expression is merely a play upon the words.

(15) To conceive an idea of the deserts in America, you must form notions different from those woodland scenes at home; even in your immense forests. At home the value of timber is such, decayed wood and windfalls are sedulously cleared away, and disposed of; in America where even standing timber is of little value, these are suffered to remain for centuries, or until decomposed, successions arise with these, so as to render the way impetuous; thus making it impossible even to the veteran explorer to proceed in most places.

(16) When America was first discovered, its inhabitants, the Indians, were considered the most ferocious of all beings, especially those on the banks of the Gros Riviere, now so denominated by the French. The Indians mostly flocked there at that period for the purpose of fishing, taking beavers and other animals. A party of Europeans hopping to visit in this quarter were surprised by a horde of these savages, and, were it not for the following stratagem, would have been devoured. Happening to have a cask of oil on board their boat, at

the approach of those they caused it to be flung into the stream and set on fire, in such a way as to move in the direction of the Indians. Surprised, and conceiving the Europeans possessed a supernatural power, they sent Ambassadors to request they would set no more of the river on fire, adding that if they complied they were disposed to treat them with every kindness and respect. A gun was now discharged—a bird was seen to fall by its effect. The gunner pointed to his eye, signifying to them it was the eye only had the power to kill. This had a double effect; the Indians received them in amity, and continued their protectors during their stay in that quarter. From this circumstance the river bore the name of Saint Lawrence, not Sint Lawrence, given it by the sailors, as a token of their delivery.

(17) Though not a perfect diplomatist, Alfred was by no means deficient in the accomplishments of a gentleman. To the fair reader, the following, to Sylvia, will afford a specimen of his taste as a writer; with a sufficiency of love already, how was it possible for the importuned lady to resist so fond an admirer? The lines written at the moment with all the ardency of a lover, will best justify the warmth of expression:

TO SYLVIA.

Wilt thou come with me my love,
Faithful Sylvia, dear as life?
Come with me and we will rove,
And leave behind a world of strife.

Hark, the silent passing gale!
See the ocean proudly swell,
View the bark with fluttering sail
To waft us where none else can tell.

O'er the seas in rough emotion,
Though the raging billows roar,
Love shall guide us through the ocean,
Haste ye winds to waft us o'er !

Still unawed by fear or danger,
Fortitude our hearts shall bind ;
We may meet each passing stranger,
Fond as friends we left behind.

Oh ! my love, my fondest, dearest,
More than worlds adored by me ;
When thy lovely smile appearest,
Chains I wear are loosed by thee.

We will seek some distant dwelling,
And though lonely be our lot ;
Love still whispers me foretelling,
The world so wise we'll envy not.

Think not of that land forsaken,
Wretched clime, by wrongs oppress'd ;
Why should thoughts like these awaken
Sighs of sorrow in thy breast !

Remember not thy days of sadness,
Why should gentle Sylvia grieve ?
We will spend a life of gladness,
Each fond hour we have to live.

Say not father, sister, mother,
Think not these regard thee so ;
I'll appear thine own fond brother,
In me must all your kindred go.

This faithful breast shall keep thee ever,
And thou shall be my faithful bride,
Our love so linked, what can dis sever
When by such tender ties allied ?

Our frugal store, our homely fare,
With anxious care shall I provide,
And thou as anxious shall prepare
The neat repast my toils supplied.

I'll scatter perfumes round thy bower,
Within thy circling arms I'll creep,
I'll use the force of music's power
To lull my gentle fair to sleep.

Thy jelly locks and ringlets flowing,
Around my heart will I entwine,
To lips of love, and bright eyes glowing,
I'll turn these fainter orbs of mine.

Within these arms will I enfold thee,
Thy couch shall be my pillowed breast,
I'll softly breathe till I behold thee
Restored again my love to rest.

And O, when morning's sun is gleaming !
When tinted meteors grace the sky ;
Awaked to love and bright eyes beaming,
If gentle Sylvia bids me hie .

Away to sports, the horn resounding,
The cheerful vale shall hear the blast ;
Where Sylvia sees her train surrounding
The suffering stag that breathes his last.

Where the orient sun is beaming,
There in Italy's proud ray,
Where with purple visions streaming,
Heaven and earth adorn the day.

By some glassy lake or fountain,
By some river's headlong tide,
By the lofty Alpine mountain,
There perchance we may reside.

Or to some remoter region,
If my Sylvia still must go,
Where darkly breathes the chill Canadian,
Or by the Danube or the Po.

Still loved, adored, each hour beguiling,
With her I'd brave each polar ray,
And soothe my Sylvia ever, smiling,
'Till life in fondness wears away.

(18) Approaching the gulf of the Saint Lawrence are seen two mountains, projecting over the main ocean; these serve as distant landmarks to sailors, the most welcome imaginable, as from thence they consider the toils of the voyage at an end. The scenery here becomes most sublime,—the face of the country affords a continued accumulation of mountains,—the tops universally immersed in shade the most imposing imaginable.

(19) Though considerably to the north, still the Island of Orleans is one of the most fertile and productive in Canada, owing to its elevation, not common in other isles. Here the agriculturist can operate early in the spring. This island is the resort of fashion, to the inhabitants of Quebec, and many Europeans. I myself have witnessed the delights of that season, at which period of the year it is a perfect paradise.

(20) Edward Nagle, Esquire, of Glanmore, was second son in the most respectable and ancient family of the county Cork. His early attachment to musical acquirements made him a perfect proficient on many instruments; he modified the Irish pipes, and became the most accomplished performer of his time.

(21) Kears Fitzpatrick exhibited himself on the boards of Dublin, and played for George the Third at the period

of his visit to Ireland. He was at that time the most illustrious Irish piper of his day, and amassed considerable property, which he left principally to his daughter at his death.

(22) Amongst the list of Irish musicians few were known to exceed O'Sullivan ; he was rather self-taught, yet such were his natural powers, his execution was beyond any I have witnessed. He soon crept into notice among those of fashion, with whom he learned that taste and easy style which distinguished him among others. Being thus pre-eminent he became at length the mainspring of revelry and delight, having taken his appointment as musical attendant to a fox-hunting club of nobility and gentry known as the Duhallow Hunt. This club was held in Mallow, and is still kept there, where it has existed for nearly a century. O'Sullivan was much courted ; and were it not for his attachment to his native soil, might long since have paid the debt of nature in a foreign land. He was at one time induced by a Captain C—r, who extracted his promise to accompany him to the Brazils, together with some hundreds of emigrants. His offer amounted to one hundred pounds annually, fifty of which he gave O'Sullivan as an outfit. Captain C—r, exclusive of this annuity, flattered him with the highest expectations. O'Sullivan at first seemed highly smitten with this enterprise ; yet, from the representations of his friends and other motives, he soon became repentant of his engagement, and accordingly waited on Captain C—r, and made known to him the necessity of his non-compliance with his offer, at the same time pressing upon him the money he so imprudently accepted. Captain C—r was not to be put off in this way, so he had recourse

to the following stratagem :—O'Sullivan was then in Cork—the vessel on the eve of sailing. The mate, with a few confidential sailors and acquaintances, were despatched on shore to carry this into effect. The difficulty now was how to induce O'Sullivan on board. Having met our performer, they asked him how he became so remiss in not having visited his old friends, and asked him on board that evening ; they gave him a most lively picture of the amusement in prospective ; this had the desired effect, and thus was the credulous O'Sullivan too easily imposed upon. On his arrival he perceived an universal bustle, which being ascribed to the preparations for the evening's frolic, he no further noticed. O'Sullivan was next introduced to the cabin, where with the Captain and some distinguished passengers, he remained till dinner was served and he was seated with the company. At this time all was confusion on deck ; the ship's bell tolled the hour long after their departure from the land. O'Sullivan shrewdly remarked the hour, descanting, at the same time, on the sweetness of Shannon's bells, which he fancied he had just heard. The dinner was now over—exhilarating stimulants were resorted to, and O'Sullivan began to delight his hearers. The cabin doors were now closed, and the universal bustle seemed at an end. The vessel was at this time far at sea—the breeze so calm as not to ruffle the sea, much less the temper of O'Sullivan, who too fondly conceived himself lolling at his perfect composure in the city. Nothing could exceed the hilarity of the night. The exhausted O'Sullivan now retired to rest, highly gratified with the most pleasing reflections.

Towards morning matters became differently perceptible. The ship's motion was much changed for the

worse. O'Sullivan's head too powerfully felt the emotion ; it was only the effect of ordinary scenes—the night's dissipation. At length, too powerful to resist, he fancied himself ill in reality, and indicated his intention to proceed homewards. He soon found his way on deck ; he looked around. What fancy his amazement ? A blue sky and a boundless sea. Good heavens ! exclaimed O'Sullivan, is this a vision, or can man thus betray ? He wept bitterly ; his agonized spirit soon arose ; he became indifferent to all passing events—mused in silence, and often sighed for his lost home. Every effort to conciliate was in vain : the splendid instrument on which he played seemed as if odious in his sight ; he never raised his head but in silence. “What !” exclaimed the Captain, “why hangs time so heavy on O'Sullivan ? Cheer up ! better prospects shall await thee still,—let music be the food of love.” “Never !” exclaimed the unhappy O'Sullivan, “never shall other ears than those of my own dear native soil hear the melody of those organ pipes.” Thus saying, these with other minor instruments equally melodious, he indignantly committed to the deep. A general unhappy feeling now seized the whole ship's crew. What a pity ! O'Sullivan remained in this state of solitary dejection during his voyage ; yet on his landing fortunately met a returning vessel, in which he sailed back to his native shore, where he now lives as happy as ever to tell the tale.

Irish hospitality was formerly proverbial ; their style of living then was far different from the present, each regarding his comfort as the true criterion of real happiness. Pageantry was then unknown, and all expenditures were applied to good eating and good drinking, besides the par-

ticular amusements of a prescribed circle, who visited within themselves, exchanging dinners, hounds, and horses. If by unforeseen accident or too generous a feeling, one of the party became a dependant on the more wealthy, he was still cherished with their respect. Those of this improvident caste, in general old bachelors, were, of course, of least trouble; they took their rounds annually, spent a month here and a month there, and so ended their lifetime. These men, in general, possessed the highest sense of honour, and were always quoted as precedents for the rising generation; however there is no general rule without an exception; in such case, such a person was easily disposed of without any resort to harsh stratagems.

A distinguished Colonel, a resident during his lifetime at Ridlestown, in the county of Limerick, was once troubled with a dependant character of this kind, who he wished to get rid of, on the least costly terms; having addressed his guest, seemingly with the highest affection, he asked him one day what at the present he most stood in need of, well knowing a good coat and a guinea were the objects most requisite at the moment; being replied to by the other as he expected, he lent him both accordingly, with a strict injunction that each should be returned within a prescribed period; the coat was a new one. And well did the Colonel make his calculations, for neither the coat nor the guinea were restored, and never did the Colonel see this mean fellow after. I have often heard the Colonel tell this anecdote of himself with great pleasure.

A Mr. Jackson happening to be of this tribe, was of a different caste. In a middle stage of life he became un-

fortunate, his easy and unsuspecting indulgencies having led him to confide too hastily in a particular tribe of gentry denominated attornies; these soon absorbed his various properties, and left him a dependant on the world. Still did the hero, (for so he was universally styled,) maintained his principles and dignity, and was usually referred to in all cases for honourable adjustment. It happened one day as he repeated his catalogue of calamities, a wealthy and good personage was present. "What!" exclaimed he, "then have you no friend? Alas! poor gentleman! Suffer me then to act as such," said he; "both my means and exertions shall henceforth attend you in all your cases." Being courteously replied to by the other, he took hasty proceedings accordingly—pushed forwards each case with a sweeping rapidity, and within the short period of one year placed the hero at the head of a splendid fortune. The hero was then in the decline of life, forsaken till now by all his relatives, who never during the period of his distresses regarded him with the slightest compassion. They now crowded as if to a Court, yet having learned other feelings by sad adversity, they were in their turn disregarded.

To whom to leave his fortune was now the most serious consideration with the hero, yet he soon bethought himself of an easy appliance of it. The daughter of his benefactor was then extremely young and beautiful, so to form an alliance was his main pursuit, he waited on her father accordingly, and declaring his intentions, proposed the transfer of his properties for her whole benefit should his suit be accepted, I have, said he, no relative to respect, and no friend so effective as yourself, in gratitude then accept those means I have so hastily acquired by

your ind exertions. The gentleman he addressed was full as lofty as himself, and though he felt a sacred pride at the gratitude of the other, deemed it too great a sacrifice that a lovely young lady, hastening to the bloom of life, should be thus disposed of, so modestly declined the high honour, adding at the same moment that it might look in the eyes of a censorious world, an interested view of his to compensate him for his past exertions in his favour. He however pointed out to him a lady equally respectable and almost as beautiful, the daughter of his immediate friend, who stood more in need of fortune than himself; the hint was soon approved of by the other, and an alliance formed to the satisfaction of all parties, except the fair female, who nevertheless was taught to calculate the rule of numbers, and as the hero was now more like the setting sun than otherwise, she might yet expect a more ardent luminary to add happiness to her meridian.

During his alliance with Miss Waller, nothing could exceed her deportment in virtue and attention. The hero however lived to trouble her not long. She of course became then a most engaging young widow with an annual fortune of 2,000 pounds, courted and esteemed by a surrounding multitude of youthful admirers.

(23) On the field of battle, King Brien Borumbe had the misfortune to lose his bow-string in the heat of action; the happy thought struck him, and he wittingly supplied by another from his harp, which one of his attendants bore with him.

(24) The monument of General Brock lies at present shamefully injured by the daring hands of the disloyal; a contribution has been levied to erect a new one worthy of his memory.

(25) In the year 1815, when at war with America, the retaliation of our Indian allies was much noticed by Mr. Whitehead in the House of Commons. He said it would have been magnanimous in these to treat their implacable enemies with a mercy never yet practised by that civilized nation, as an example to these faithful people. The Americans, at that period, acted towards our Indian auxiliaries with a savage brutality, having flayed their chieftain alive, who unfortunately became their prisoner in battle.

(26) The exaggerated accounts from America are much to be censured. Those who write, seldom give a just detail, and for the most part delude the unfortunate population at home. This new world is a lottery, as in all human affairs there are blanks and prizes, and for the most part more of the former than the latter. He who is likely to succeed best here, is he who brings with him the largest family of grown people; by a little speculation he can have all these speedily employed at a rate of three shillings per diem, probably in the city of Quebec or Montreal, where the munificence and charity of the citizens is without parallel, especially at Montreal. In this city sheds are built to give temporary asylums to the emigrants of all denominations, where they can be lodged gratis until better provided for; donations are likewise distributed to support the indigent. There is besides here an hospital for the sick, and exclusively medical men to assist the institution. The present Mayor and Corporation of Montreal have added more (to their eternal honour) by their assiduous and effectual efforts to aggrandize and amplify the city than can be well contemplated even by those whose gratitude alone is required as a just remuneration.

neration for their unremitting labours. A wharf has been completed within the last year, extending nearly a mile in length, by which the shipping of all denominations can be received on a perfect level with the landing, which is beautifully constructed of boarded flooring to a vast extent. Here merchandize may remain in the best of order and safety; the steamboats arrive here, and to the perfect convenience of passengers expedition is afforded them in every instance. These accomplishments have been achieved by a small levy on the city, sanctioned by our late Governor, which though unpopular in the first instance, soon proved a glorious desideratum. By this levy the poor have been employed, especially the emigrant population. The city has improved beyond all human calculation in so short a period, and the trade in every instance more facilitated,—the streets, formerly impassable, are now wrought to a beautiful level, composed of the most durable materials, and kept in a continual state of repair; the sideways are also in progress, and ere long will be complete. The bustle and activity of the citizens already prove the good effects produced from the co-operation of those intellectual personages who have lent themselves so much for the welfare of their fellow-inhabitants, and to enrich the city.

A poor person with a large helpless family has no business here whatever: all are so much employed in their own concerns and to obtain a livelihood, there is little commiseration for the indigent. Lodgings come dear, and what with the sundry necessities of life, it is scarcely in the power of an individual to supply the wants of a family; in case of illness, besides, how much more deplorable must be the situation of all. I would re-

commend those with growing families to remain patiently at home for a few years, under whatever privations, and look to future times when their families are more advanced, to succeed in America. A poor man with a large grown family wants no money on his arrival here; as soon as he sets his foot on this continental soil he gets employment; his money is paid punctually by the week, with which he may subsist himself as he thinks proper. Food of every kind is much cheaper here than in Ireland; clothing can likewise be obtained at a much cheaper rate. The women are all tailors, and complete their work with as much dexterity and neatness as your most fashionable tradesmen at home. Lumber, (I mean boxes, &c. &c.) are a most useless appendage to the adventurer; two shirts, one good coat with an old one, two pair of trousers, two pair of shoes, a cap or hat, are sufficient for his wardrobe: any other matters are a cumbrous superfluity, which can be obtained here on much better terms. I furnish this brief account for the exclusive benefit of your labouring poor, which affords them some necessary information how they should act, and with what precaution, ere they venture to encounter a dreadful climate and a fruitless voyage.

Good labouring boys, labouring women of the robust description, are much sought after in America. These can get speedy employment by the day or otherwise. The boys can disperse themselves in the different farm-houses, at eight or ten dollars per month, exclusive of board; the women can hire at three or perhaps four dollars, and can rarely get employment otherwise; respectable servant women can receive five or six dollars among the gentry, who are extremely indulgent and kind to their

domestics. A good cooper, a good smith, and a first rate shoemaker are also in high request; a bad cooper is of no value. I have known many of this class who have been compelled to work in the group of labourers, and could badly work at reduced wages even in this capacity. Tradesmen of the other cast can merely work as journeymen here, as matters of their trade are imported from England and all quarters of the globe, which perfectly eclipse the performances of all your Irish artizans.

Those of an higher order, (I mean your half gentry or those with a middling competency, who can subsist themselves genteelly at home,) should never venture to this side the Atlantic; a little capital will soon be expended—the labourer will ultimately become the purchaser of their lands, should they be imprudent enough to buy any. Unless they become their own slaves, wages will soon overrun their principal, and they must become bad vassals in some other enterprise in the end. Thus families unused to labour drag on a miserable existence, unknown and unnoticed, amidst the confusion of those who merely apply themselves for their own advantage. Accountants of every denomination had better repair to the Upper Province; the mixed population of Lower Canada requires you to speak the two languages,—it is therefore needless to seek employment here under such a disadvantage, where the French Canadians bear the majority. In fact, those of robust constitutions, whether labourers or artizans, can do much better here than at home. They should, however, be extremely cautious how they proceed after landing: if without means the sooner they get employment the better; a few days' labour will afford them sufficient to shape their

course where prudence may direct, and to those climates which best suit the constitution of each.

(27) This line carries with it a material force ; if any thing can strike the mind with horror, it must be when spring developes the carcasses of the unfortunate slain : at that season of the year they become literally disinterred, if I may so use the expression, and scarcely can a few be identified by their respective relations.

(28) During the last war the Glengarry Volunteers, composed of Scotch, Irish, and English, were the most conspicuous of all others for their bravery. This character so handed down distinguishes this noble race : in every attack during the last contest they became the victors, and were the terror of those who fought against them. I give to the public this tribute of applause, meant for the perusal of those volunteers. The music is composed by myself, and perfectly original, which I mean to have arranged at a future period, and sent to the respective heroes of the day :—

Volunteers of matchless story,

March, march, march away,

If to snow-clad beds of glory

Let the vanquished rue the fray,

Volunteers, it is our duty,

Honour's call, all hearts obey ;

We will fight for fame and beauty,

England's Queen and Scotland's day.

Volunteers of deathless story,

Welcome to the bloody fray,

See the rebel ranks before ye,

March, march, march away,

O ! the traitors, they assemble,

Seize the banners they display,

Though the Yankees may dissemble,
Scotland's sons will ne'er betray

Volunteers, it is delighting,

See proud Erin joins the fight,
The Thistle, Shamrock, Rose uniting,
Let our laurels wreath their might,
Soon the vanquished foe shall scatter,
Famed Niagara can tell,
Where the foe, in frightful slaughter,
Britons forced where rebels fell.

Volunteers of deathless story,

See the conquering heroes come.
March, march ! from fields of glory,
Welcome with your warlike drum ;
England's sons shall never, never
Conquered leave the bloody fray,
Their foes from these can only sever,
When brave Britons win the day.

See the sparkled wine is glowing,

Ruby as the drops we shed,
From bright goblets overflowing,
Drink to those who nobly bled ;
'Tis in bumpered wine we cherish,
Each fond feeling with our lives,
The veteran's fame can never perish,
Whilst Wolfe in Colborne still survives.

(29) This highminded and misled patriot unwittingly embarked in the views of Papineau ; he was taken in an engagement aiding the rebels, and met his fate on the scaffold. He bequeathed of his property three hundred pounds to the widows and children of those who fell in action, and fought with such bravery against him ; five hundred pounds to a lady, to whom he was fondly attached and to whom he was honourably engaged in ma-

trimony; and many more sums for charitable purposes.

(30) The fate of the unfortunate Robert Emmett may not be generally known to our Canadian readers. Emmett was the distinguished leader of the rebellion in Ireland, in the year '98. He was then in the university of Dublin, and a class-fellow of mine. His abilities were of the most transcendent order; he had no equal in the whole College. He became at that time attached to the daughter of the immortal Curran, afterwards Master of the Rolls. This attachment was reciprocal. After the execution of Emmett, this highly talented young lady died of a broken heart.—(Vide Sketchbook, written by Washington Irving, United States.)

(31) From the Faculty of Sorel, I have experienced every attention, principally from Doctors Carter and Mignault, who recovered a child in my neighbourhood dangerously afflicted with worms. The worms that attack children in this country are terrific. They sometimes crawl up their throats and cause suffocation; their dimensions equal a goose quill both in length and thickness, and sometimes a dozen of these are discharged at the same time by the patient. The underneath stanzas may not be unworthy of the Doctor's notice:—

Dear Doctor your powders have had such effect,
I find your young patient much better,
Sure *Mercury* came from a god to protect
That life which to you is a debtor.

Though youthful and strong, yet I fear ere his time,
Had you not assisted life's forms;
That youth would have died, and had gone ere his prime,
A premature prey to the Worms.

They thought, the damned reptiles, to eat him alive,
 And make against death such reprisal ;
 Before the grim tyrant his fate could contrive,
 To take him right off by surprisal.

But fate ever lending thy mystical aid,
 A spell sent dispersing such evils,
 'Twas thus our great Lord, when he rose from the dead,
 Did cast out a legion of devils.

So long may you keep from the dark narrow tomb,
 Thy body be chaste as fair Ermine,
 The lot of Saint Patrick, I wish be thy doom,
 Who slew a whole nation of vermin.

(32) In his illness the poet received the most tender and affectionate kindness from Mr. and Mrs. Sautell, then resident in Sorel, which in a great measure led to his restoration : whilst engaged in the writing of this poem, at the very critical period when at that stage he found this tribute incumbent on him, he had the mortification to hear of the death of his beloved friend, than whom no better man existed ; how painful at that period became his sufferings, the commutation of verse, as expressed in page 97, continues the subject from a living character to one now no more, whose memory is still cherished in the extreme bitterness of sorrow.

(33) The valiant De Courcy, ancestor to the present O'Grady, of Kilballyowen, possessed more nerve and bodily strength than any other hero of modern times. Being called upon by his then majesty to perform some memorable achievement, and at the same time exemplary feat, he simply drew his immense sabre ; this he struck so forcibly into a large block, that it remained there for a considerable period of time, though many were the

attempts of those who unsuccessfully strove to disengage it, all till then equally renowned. Being again called upon by his majesty to perform some like feat, he modestly laid hold of his scymeter, and with his heroic arm wrested it instantaneously. His majesty was so gratified he conferred on him the privilege of wearing his hat on in his presence, a privilege seldom resorted to through courtesy of the other. This privilege remains on record with the O'Grady family, the antiquity of which family remains immemorial.

(34) Chief Baron O'Grady was estimated as a public character; he always blended justice with humanity, and with a vast discernment was most conspicuous in obtaining the end of justice. A prisoner one day stood at the bar charged with abduction; the intended prosecutor appeared most virulent, and many witnesses were in attendance; at length the accuser was introduced to bear her first testimony against the prisoner; his lordship remained long silent, so did the court; the prepossessing appearance of the prisoner, a well dressed youth, with placid countenance, bore evident marks in his favour. Pointing to the dock, at length, said his lordship, Madam you see the prisoner at the bar. Yes, my lord, replied the tremulous and faltering female, "yes my lord;" she then bowed to his lordship then viewed the prisoner with alternate emotions; here a death-like silence ensued—his lordship resumed; is it your determination to convict this man, or in other words, would you like to see him hung? No, my lord, replied the abashed female. Well then, what would you think of an honourable conclusion to this affair,—answer me, madam, will you marry him first or hang him? Marry him, my lord; but my father—I fear his resentment. And how does

your mother feel on the occasion? Why, my lord, she entertains feelings of compassion for the prisoner, and I have often addressed her on the subject, yet unable to appease his anger, she fled the scene altogether, and lives at present with her own relatives. Goaler, put this matrimonial question to the prisoner; which being put accordingly and answered in the affirmative, the under sheriff was dismissed to procure a clergyman, by order of the court. After the due solemnities were entered into and concluded, the knot was instantaneously tied, and the prisoner fully liberated, to the inexpressible joy of our happy pair, and those who witnessed a conclusion so moral, and so satisfactory to the ends of justice.

Baron Smyth, by far the most literary character on the Irish bench, was equally celebrated for his humanity, whenever a possibility intervened to avoid such, he never pronounced sentence of death on a prisoner; you may then judge the anxiety of those to be tried by such a personage. Judge Traverse was decidedly the reverse, and became the terror of these who dreaded the full measure of their crimes. At the special commission held in the year of Captain Rock, both judges were sent down special; the usual question in the arraignment being put by the crier, how will you be tried, "will you submit or traverse." The word sounding on the ear of the unfortunate man in the dock rather imperfectly aroused his drooping expectations; both these lords were then present. How will I be tried, by Smyth or Traverse? exclaimed the enraptured prisoner. Oh, ejaculated he in Irish; O, thogume Smyth, agus verimun dul thou Traverse. The court convulsed in laughter remained so; the judges who knew nothing of the Irish language at length called on the Irish interpreter

for a translation of the expression. All eyes and ears were then attentive. My lords, said the crier, when I put the question, how will you be tried, will you submit or traverse, mistaking I suppose, the word submit for Smyth, he said he'd take Smyth, but to the devil he pitched Traverse. Well then, calmly replied judge Traverse, he fortunately has had his choice, and may God send him a safe delivery. You may judge the sequel—a general feeling was excited in his favour, which led in some measure to his acquittal.

Chief Baron Yelverton, afterwards my Lord Avenmore the most upright and distinguished Baron probably ever recorded in Irish history, was equally of humble extraction; forlorn yet fortunate, he with an unremitting perseverance, early attached himself to literature; at the age of twelve years thrown upon the world without even the fostering aid of parentage, he became an orphan wanderer; and so obscure in this particular, few even to this day can trace the lineage of his ancestry. Be this as it may, he, however, was doomed under these divine dispensations which regard human events, to beam forth as some newly discovered constellation which the philosophic eye never before glanced upon, still destined to excite the admiration of those who gazed on the lustre of his future brilliant career.

Having studiously contemplated his cheerless prospects our embryo Baron at length resolved to seek some man of classical eminence, to whom in the first instance he might make himself useful, even in servitude, (to which degrading situation he was ready to submit,) provided as an equivalent he gained for himself some instruction even of a minor consideration apart from those who dearly paid for their erudition.

It chanced in these days a celebrated teacher named Buckley resided near a romantic village in Ireland, which in ancient days withstood the innovations of Cromwell ; remarkable for its strength, this fortress withstood his most unavailing efforts, and was then known to be the seat of Government, and who at this day can visit the ruins of Killmallock, divested of that national sensation which will not awaken something of reverence when he beholds the emblazoned escutcheons of those who feel to defend the fame of their then city ? Here was a richness of scenery calculated to engross and inspire the dormant faculties of those who required some natural impulse to actuate the mind. The surrounding loveliness of the landscape crowding on the imagination of our itinerant, seemed to arrest his fancy, and this he deemed a most fortunate retreat, enabled, amidst the magnificence of its scenery, to behold nature in all its pride and art, itself so powerfully displayed even amidst the dilapidating remnants of human greatness. Here was a place for study, and well might he say with the poet, "*Deus nobis hec otia fecit*," possessed of few personal attractions, being rather sluggishly impressed by nature, his portraiture was none of your most interesting, which seemed to prognosticate no lucky omen to his growing reputation ; however, through the benignity of this kind and benevolent gentleman, he was graciously received ; still only acosted and acknowledged under the degrading appellation of the poor scholar. His servile proffers were, however, dispensed with, and thus was he left at his leisure hours to gather these sweets which, ere the heyday of his youth, he so perseveringly acquired.

In the neighbourhood of Killmallock, induced by a trifling elevation of the stream, the mechanical operations

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of little Yelverton first became evident. He lodged at this time with a humble peasant, remarkable for an overgrown family, which he reared on a small pittance of land, scarcely commensurate to their necessities; on this was a mill-site, and in these days a mill was not common. To make all the reparation in his power for the assiduous offices of the peasant, who kept him gratuitously, he exerted his skill, and attended this concern with all the ability of an acknowledged professor, giving instructions at the same time to the minor branches of the establishment who were given to his charge. Years rolled by, and with these the consummation of all his fondest hopes, which pointed out to him the road to fame and preferment; a sizarship became vacant in the University of Dublin. Yelverton repaired thither, and bore away the palm amongst a number of less learned competitors, his celebrity being now descanted on, Yelverton, regardless of fatigue, and in the fulness of a generous and noble feeling, repaired to his former asylum, to render his grateful acknowledgments for the benefits conferred on him by his benevolent tutor, and besides to that humble class of people who cherished him with a parental fondness in his earliest days. Amidst this numerous family the miller had a fair daughter, whose sympathetic eye had already shed its lustre, and struck the cords of young Yelverton's heart. With a double anxiety he now hastened homewards—for his was the miller's home—there to impart the happy tidings of his success, and besides to bid that heart-rending farewell to those he was destined to leave, perchance for ever. With an heavy and overlaiden burden on his breast, he next retraced his footsteps, and again arrived in Dublin, to prosecute his studies in that

University; by a respectful demeanour habituated to him from humble life, he here won the attention of his fellows, and was never known to spend one inattentive hour, where learning was the path to future preferment. After having obtained all these honourable tributes conferred on the under graduate, Yelverton sought a more distinguished competition. He succeeded to a scholarship, and thus ranked amongst the foremost in the University. The poor scholar was now forgotten, and the learned Yelverton was substituted among those whose negligence, or want of natural abilities, made them now vastly his inferiors in the contemplative world. Now did the conflicting passions of this eminent academician arouse him to fix his mind on more expanded notions; a profession was to be chosen, but which to enter on required immediate consideration. A clerical pursuit needed patronage; a medical profession required of him some moderate means for immediate expenditure, at least to bring him into notice among those of his most wealthy and established competitors; the law, on the other hand, required nothing of such external appearances. Resolutely then did he adopt the latter, and with a perseverance indescribable, did he for many years *walk the hall in silence*, during which period he only smiled at the success of others, and with an unenvious disposition, submitted to the raillery of those who too often sported with his feelings, on the impracticability of his enterprise; till at length fortune seemed big with the result, and inscribed the motto of Yelverton:—“*Invini portum spes atque fortuna valeta.*” A most arduous trial appeared in the Court of Chancery: this engrossed the attention of those most highly gifted in the abstruse researches of the law;

Presidents were chosen and even time was sacrificed by the learned Chancellor himself, to yield every opportunity to those who were to appear as advocates on this most important trial. In this interesting case did Yelverton first make his memorable display in masterly competition. The opening of the case in general devolving on the junior advocate, in this instance Yelverton was excepted; it fell to his lot to aid as one of the supernumerary counsel, whose business is to suggest to the orator when speaking, or to take such notes as might create some new ideas on the ulterior proceedings, either in speaking to evidence or the summary of the facts. Now came the important moment; arguments were heard at both sides, and wavering justice held her vacillating scales, when legal literature seemed to be exhausted. Amidst such discouraging events did this great man first arise: he felt the necessity of appealing to his own energies, and with an uncontrollable impulse, which nature seemed to supply him with, and even with more confidence than that which he was wont to admire amongst his fellows, he spoke to evidence. His appeal was triumphant, and his case was successful. Approving plaudits rang the Court for some moments, and thus arose the long dormant Yelverton, having graced more in one day the halls of jurisprudence than those were wont to do through years of laboured and most figurative harangues. The measure of Yelverton became now complete. Briefs from Chancery crowded to excess, and henceforth he appeared as leading counsel; nor were those of the most superior rank jealous of his rivalry. Modest amidst his equals, he never contended for supercilious preferment—never didactic, and ever upholding the dignity of the Court, his suggestions came

with a becoming grace, leaving like wax a fac simile, only ascribable to that which made the impression. Many were his successful years of long practice, before Yelverton arrived at his highest degree of preferment ; as Chief Baron of the Exchequer his memory will survive, and leave to others a record worthy of that illustrious character, which has raised a monument to his present posterity.

Amidst the turmoil of professional avocations none can wonder if my lord Chief Baron Yelverton should for a moment forget the situation of those who were the first and darling companions of his boyhood. The poor miller, however, often obtruded on his remembrance, and he long since learned his bountiful pedagogue was now no more. Still did he ruminate on former times, and often did he recall to his recollection the simple events of his youthful years. On the other hand, the miller was no less assiduous ; with what glowing satisfaction would he peruse these daily journals which chance threw in his way, and as often would he record to the listening villagers some memorable incident peculiar to this great man. In these recitals his fair daughter was known to take a part, ever anxious to aid his recollection, until with a parental fondness the unreluctant tear forbade the continuance of too fond a recital ; as time or tide wait for no man, so there is a tide in the affairs of man, which if not taken at its full flow, will leave many to deplore the loss of opportunity. So it fell out ; a suitable connection was arranged to the satisfaction of all parties : the miller's daughter became the lovely bride of an humble cottager. His sons, too burdensome to subsist on the scanty means of a father, had all betaken themselves to their

sundry avocations in life, whether destined for their good welfare or otherwise, when on a day with smiling placidity marked in his countenance, the poor miller sat musing on the happy scenes of happier days. Aroused from his lethargic reveries, a cavalcade of no small magnitude drew his attention, and the more so when with an inquisitive voice from one who seemed to be a traveller of the highest distinction, some interrogatories addressed to a passing peasant had fallen on his listless ear: "What!" said the voice, "doth my old friend the miller still exist? Stop, stop! I have something to delay me one moment here," exclaimed his lordship, whilst with an indescribable emotion he alighted from his chariot amidst the gazing eyes of his gorgeous attendants. Time had long ere now laid its heavy hands on those crumbling materials which once portrayed these affable features of our fast fading artizan, when marked by a graceful and peculiar smile he suddenly saw himself accosted by a personage no less in dignity than the Lord Chief Baron Yelverton. Proceeding on circuit, his lordship took this favourable opportunity to visit him whom he deemed ever deserving of his love, and equally so of his bounty. The astounded miller seemed almost motionless at this unexpected introduction, and the more so when all recollection of these features, once so familiar, had faded away. The interview, though brief, seemed to the spectators to be the most interesting and affecting. The Baron actually shed tears at their separation; still, with an unaffected courtesy indescribable, (having bestowed some token of regard on each of the family,) he presented to the miller a small sealed envelope, addressed to the proper authority, of which the miller was to be himself the

bearer, enjoining on him the speed necessary for its conveyance. He then took his most affectionate leave, amidst the tears and lamentations of those who could never again presume to attract the notice of one who so far exceeded them in his elevated rank and luminous situation. Next day, supposing the letter of serious importance to the Baron, the miller set out to accomplish its delivery. Judge his surprise! an order was inclosed, payable to bearer only, containing a sum of three hundred pounds, disposable at his pleasure. The happy miller hastened home to communicate the glad tidings, and lived to bless his benefactor for many years, crowned with plenty, and cherished by a thriving generation.

(35) To those of other climes, perhaps it may not be extraneous to give this short detail of Canadian character and customs. The Canadians are, for the most part, the most domesticated animals I know of. They locate themselves in what may be termed a family circle, where they know of no distinction, and aid each other in all their enterprises. This situation is always taken with extreme prudence, either on the banks of navigable rivers, or public roads leading to some important village. Their chief labour is applied to the woods, where they clear timber of the best quality which they carry to market, this portion of their produce supplies the contingences of the day; as they never speculate in future concerns. The Canadian men do all external offices, and leave to the women the interior regulations. These possess an immensity of craft; they shear, spin, card and weave their own fleeces, and are ultimately their own tailors. Thus a Canadian supplies his wardrobe, wrought for warmth and durability in the winter, and the reverse in summer. There

is no article of clothing which they do not make after their own fashion, either of flax or wool. European fashions are of minor importance to them and would not match their climate; they sew together the skirts of their long frieze coats to keep their extremities from the frost; and they never appear like Paddy from Cork, with his coat buttoned behind; they merely apply a button where it is most useful, and with a large broad tawdry sash, which they fold for the wisest of purposes, they strut along like military characters; they have besides an hood which when occasion requires, extending over a large fur cap, defies all elemental innovations. The leather of European manufacture is not calculated for their climate, they have a peculiar mode of adapting this which they form into moccasins, either from the moose, buffalo, or cow hide; these are curiously constructed by their own women, and add little to their general expenditure, which is much on a par in every particular. On days of state and gala, a Canadian will show off in his blue jacket and trousers, with the usual appendage, a sash, a silk cravat honoured by the insinuating fingers of her that binds it, gives him a peculiar air of consequence; and thus he proceeds on some tour of pleasure with his fair enchantress. They have no round about ways here for matrimony; a Canadian will always select one from his own circle, and so there is little novelty on the occasion. As fortune is never a consideration with these, and personal attractions not generally bestowed, all the Canadian peasant requires is, the beauty of the mind; possessing as they do a general repugnance to learning, they never become aspirants to literary fame. I mean those of the minor class, who with an inflexibility bestowed on their nature, little

heed the admonitions of those of superior rank, who blessed with all mental accomplishments would fain direct them to their own advantage. A singular instance one day occurred in my presence, to illustrate the truth of this assertion: a poor traveller who meant to show off his mystical concealments, arriving in the neighbourhood, chanced to light on a farmer's residence. Bearing on his back his burden, he soon arranged it for exhibition, where every scrutinizing eye rested on this singular curiosity, which amounted to nothing more than a few pictures, with a magnifying glass to extend their dimensions; this engrossed the whole of the mysterious concern. Unwilling to part a few coppers, a general sensation pervaded the group; however yielding to that all-swaying impulse, I mean curiosity, they at length acceded to his requisition, and each ventured to take a peep in succession. Nothing could have a greater effect, it shot through them like electricity, and each wondered how in so small a space, could matters be contained of such immense magnitude. They fancied they saw whole cities in reality, troops of warriors, started from the life; there was Napoleon, and there was Wellington; there was the battle of Waterloo; there was Blucher prostrate with the slain; and there were drums and fifes, announcing victory, for so was the receptacle arranged by a particular movement of the manager, to excite these sounds from the interior. Many had the curiosity to survey the instrument, and thus like quadrupeds seeing themselves reflected in a mirror, eagerly turned round to search for more substantial authority in the real. Dissatisfied with their ignorance, I afforded them no explanatory information whatever, and so left the expatiating orator to make his fortune in America.

The love of society is quite predominant among the Canadian peasantry ; a tea party will lead them through any danger or distance, at that season of the year which adds accumulating horrors to the European, they venture even on the fractured ice with carioles or canoes ; their mode is as follows : the bachelors take charge, and with the aid of a rope, to which they are appended, they precede the vehicles ; if an unusual murmur is excited amidst the ice this they consider a bad omen as the protrusion or immersion of these floating bodies may lead to imminent danger, yet if in the stillness of the night there is nothing of this kind perceptible, away they venture over some unfathomable lake or river to their respective places of destination. One man however goes in the advance and with a pole, a crook at one end and a spike at the other he tries the validity of the ice ; they thus pass for a while with little or no interruption, yet it more frequently occurs when a portion of the disjointed ice affords an intervening space, the canoe is then launched which receives the cariole and thus do they navigate the interstice, until the opposing ice requires the original mode of conveyance, on these occasions the agility of a Canadian is much spoken of, it is almost incredible to behold with what dexterity he can use his crook, and with what velocity he can transport his fleeting companions from one section of ice to the other, until by an assiduous perseverance he at length arrives at the asylum of his expectant friends.

The pugilistic proceedings of Canada, though to be deprecated elsewhere, are of the least heroic order conceivable. They scratch and bite, and seldom fight manfully, yet leave the most appalling examples of their brutality ; if one possesses more strength than his antagonist,

and happens to get him under, his adversary seldom escapes but with the loss of an eye, or perhaps both. These they dislodge instantaneously by a sudden effort of the thumb. This accomplishment they have learned exclusively from their Yankee neighbours. A traditionary story told of two cats in the neighbourhood of Kilkenny, in Ireland, may not be considered dissimilar to this species of warfare :—A sporting gentleman arriving in that splendid country to fox hunt for the season, was dreadfully infested by these visitors; they ate his provisions, upset his decanters, and broke his tea tackling. At length, having occasion to remain out a few days, he surprised these delinquents, locked them up in a spare chamber with no possibility of obtaining subsistence during his stay, hoping on his return to find them rather cool; and so he did—in the fury of their dispositions, they actually ate each other, leaving no evidence of the fact save *their two tails!*

(36) The exactions for interment in this part of Canada make it often a great grievance on the surviving relatives and friends. A modification of these charges, or in fact a strict abolition of them, would serve to general desire.

The following eulogy written on the death of an Infant, buried during the snow, may not be unacceptable to the reader:

Thy snow clad cell, thy bed of clay,
Where infant innocence reposes;
Thy mortal remnants may decay,
And blight and blast like summer's roses.

Yet pure as snow thy innocence
Shall live and last, and be forever;

For this thy God hath called thee hence,
What though life's fondest ties you sever ?

I'll go and visit thy white tomb,
And as in sadness I deplore thee,
I'll plant some vernal flowers to bloom,
Refreshed by tears that I'll shed o'er thee.

And oft I'll seek thy snow clad cell,
And o'er thy frozen relics rest me,
Sad tears may act by magic spell,
To thaw these lips that once caressed me.

Yet what are tears, dear infant child ?
A tear first brought thee into life ;
Departing hence a Seraph smiled,
O'erjoyed to leave a world of strife.

The summer's smile, the snow storm's past,
Yet thou hast slept in frozen soil ;
Thou heedest not the wild wind's blast,
For thou art freed from mortal toil.

Methinks Heaven's portal now you keep,
Then since grim death can ne'er restore thee ;
Why should I for an angel weep,
Far better thou hast gone before me.

(37) At the junction of the River Richelieu with the Saint Lawrence, nothing can strike the eye of the beholder with greater surprise ; both rivers seem to flow perfectly distinct, as if formed to do so by a mathematical line. They continue for many miles in this state of fluctuation until the appearance is altogether lost amidst the numerous islands at the head of Lake Saint Peter.

(38) Having read over the following, literally translated by the erudite and accomplished Theophilus O'Flanagan, B. A., and formerly a scholar in the University

of Dublin, Secretary to the Gaelic Society in the year 1808, I have attempted the versification of them into English verse. I might, indeed, have left this pleasing employment to others of more abundant genius, had I not seen in the tale of *Derdri* (not *Dartula*,)—a name so modulated by the author of *Ossian*,—other versified translations emanating from the pen of the learned Mr. Leaky. With every due admiration of the effect produced by this truly talented gentleman, I regret his leisure has not afforded him time for the further translation of these. To supply this deficiency, I now submit them to public notice, pleased with the opportunity afforded me to hand to posterity an uncontroverted display of Irish talent and affection, as evinced by these original poems, even from the most remote ages of Irish history.—(Vide Translations of the Gaelic Society of Dublin, established for the investigation and revival of Irish literature, Volume I., 1808.)

VERSIFIED TRANSLATIONS FROM THE IRISH.

Ye mighty warriors weep too see
The three brave sons of *Usnagh* slain,
By dark assassin doomed were they,
When scarce arrived on *Emmans* plain.

Oh ! with what pride would they return,
Now weep with me all hopes are sped,
For *Naisi*, *Andle*, *Arden* mourn,
Before whose might the wild boar bled,

For *Naisi* versed in every lore,
Go weep his fate whilst rivers run ;
More dear to me the fruits they bore,
Than dew drops quaff by *Nessa's* son.

Not honey from the odorous flower,
 Extracted by the busy bee;
 Was half so sweet from woodland bower,
 As what by chase was had by me.

Though trumpets sound, or pipe or horn,
 May well a ravished monarch cheer,
 When from the chase, at their return,
 Their melody was far more dear.

Let trumpets sound, or pipes soft tones,
 To Connor King breathe melody,
 The vocal strains from Usnagh's sons
 Were more melodious strains to me.

To sounding surge he used to greet
 My Naisi's voice resemblance worn,
 Ardans and Andies, O, how sweet,
 As to the green wrought booth they bore.

In sorrow weep o'er Naisi here,
 Dishonoured from each gory bed,
 How happy had he fallen where,
 His slaughtered numbers heap the dead.

Scarce manhood graced the youthful bloom,
 Of Usnagh's sons of noble birth,
 Thus doomed they fell, the silent tomb,
 Now veils from us all prized on earth.

How sweet their converse, would all,
 How oft returning in their night,
 O'er the sweet plains of lovely Fall,
 My welcome cheered them from the fight.

With blue eyes bright, by fair ones greeted,
 As in the chase they met their thames,
 In majesty they seemed as prized,
 As had they met in war's alarms.

I rest not now, fast fades my bloom,
 Exulting sounds nor cheer me so,
 My only refuge is the tomb,
 Where I can best forget my woe,

I sleep not, stony wrecks my brain,
 I drink not, taste not, feed not—I,
 Nor will I long the pangs sustain,
 Whose only solace is to die.

The cheerful sun I trembling fear,
 Nor bumpered wine delusions bring,
 Nor ease, nor mirth, nor comforts cheer,
 Nor courts, nor mansions of a king.

When King Connor was endeavouring to soothe her, it
 was then she uttered the following dirge:—

O'Connor cease, thy hopes are vain,
 In vain you strive to soothe me so;
 Remembrance wakes that bitter strain,
 That adds fresh anguish to my woe.

Most beautiful all beneath the sun,
 Most prized, adored, beloved by me;
 By thee bereft, the deed is done,
 Brave Usagh's sons are slain by thee.

That I the cause affliction brings,
 My very heart it longs to break;
 Unmeasured grief now tears the strings,
 That kept this once loved soul awake.

With manly brows of chafed hue,
 With ruby lips and teeth of snow,
 And as the rose o'ercoat with dew,
 My Naist's cheeks were wont to glow.

From purple robes how changed is he,
 With fringe of gold refulgent most,
 My Naisi now lies clad in clay,
 The envy once of Alba's host.

Of golden hilt his glittering blade,
 A satin robe all richly dyed,
 An hundred polished gems displayed,
 These fifty silver clasps supplied.

With dirk of ospray's golden gleam,
 Two azure spears like meteors shone,
 And glittering so with brightful beam,
 As diamonds bright or orient sun.

To guard us with fraternal care,
 Fair Fergus passed the distant main,
 Then revelled in ignoble fare,
 Whilst Usnagh's mighty sons were slain.

Where Naisi fought, by hosts oppress'd,
 There did my frantic eyes survey,
 I thought it gave my anguish rest,
 To catch love's last departing ray,

Then think not thus to soothe my grief,
 No smiles can now my tears allay,
 Come death and bring to me relief,
 And let me weep my soul away.

The fidelity of the Irish character is for the most part proverbial. Some time since, a poor criminal was imprisoned for the most serious crimes, in the commission of which were a number of accomplices. Guards were posted, and none suffered to hold any intercourse with him in private; and thus was he baffled in the communication, by any expression of his, to the relief of those who

dreaded so much. Many an intercourse was held, and yet his inexorable gaoler was always in strict attendance. One day his wife became his visitor, accompanied by some others. She fortunately brought with her some bread, and amongst the rest a small tongue. He remained perfectly silent during the time of the visit, until at length, pressed by the gaoler to know whether he had anything to communicate, he energetically replied that he had, at the same time taking hold of a portion of his bread in one hand and the tongue in the other, he then looked sternly at those around him and said, "Boys, I'll eat my bread *and hold my tongue*," which he still preserved in his grasp. He did so accordingly; and though threats and persuasions of every description were resorted to, he died on the scaffold, keeping everything a profound secret to the last.

After the protracted war in England nothing could exceed the enthusiasm of our sailors. They smoked their pipes, spent their prize-money, and sang old songs one with the other. I was often delighted to hear the sea phrases and anecdotes of these when on shore. The asperity of their manners was here softened to a most generous recollection of the departed heroes of their time, and a most honourable feeling crowded on the remembrance of former days. One night, pleased with their society, (having disguised myself for the occasion,) I sang the following impromptu narrative from an adjoining box, at a most respectable tavern. A general applause pervaded the assembly, each man having at the same time offered me his heart and hand. I seized a favourable opportunity at the instant, nor waited such compliments to be conferred, and hastily retired, leaving these

aquatics in a scene of the highest amaze-ment, all wonder-
ing who could so emphatically describe their former
enterprizes and scenes of valour.

I once was a tight lad all over,
The press gang soon took me in tow,
They marched me from Munster to Dover,
And sent me to fight with the foe;

I first sailed with Rodney, all glorior
I fought with Boscawen and Howe,
On the sea to be ever victorious,
May Frenchmen forever know how

I next sailed with brave gallant Jarvis,
With him had one lucky escape;
My next man was shot on his service,
A ball cut him short by the neck.

Some day as my messmate lay wounded,

Bill Blunt as I bore to his shed,

O! the Doctor he looked all astounded,
For Bill on the way lost his head.

With Bridport I fought, and with Duncan,
For thirty long years was in fight,
Dane, Spanish or French ships we sunk on
The ocean, or else put to flight;

Like a tar all alive to my duty,

Six prizes I got by hard knocks.

And now that I own I'm no beauty,

I well may be placed on the stocks.

With Nelson my right hand was shattered,
Who conquered them off Trafalgar,

He fell, but his life little mattered,

His honour was more to a tar;

Brave Britons, he said, do your duty,

Your king and your country all swear;

Your children and wives are your boys,

So sank to repose with the brave.



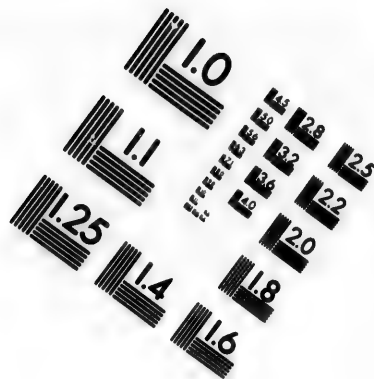
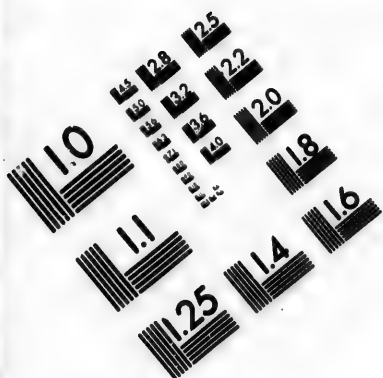
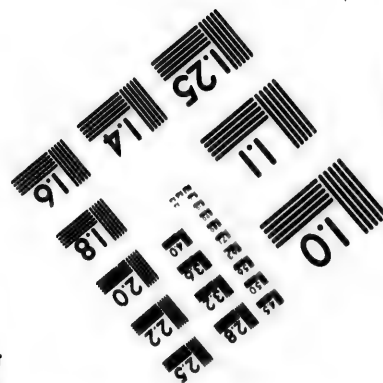
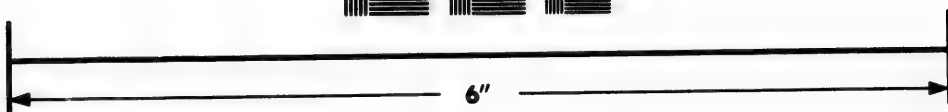
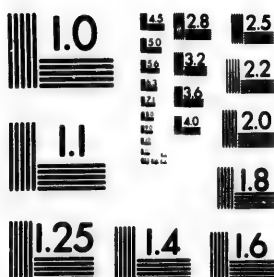


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My right leg I lost at Gibraltar,

One eye was bilged out by a shot,

My left leg I left in the slaughter,

But let them all take what they got;

Then girls be not nice in the matter,

Though Jack left two legs in the grave,

Yet half a good husband is better,

Than live to be loved by a slave.

And now not a leg left to stand on,

Lest Polly should get into dumps,

To matters I'll lay a sly hand on,

And faith I'll keep stirring my stumps.

I hear 'tis their lordship's intention,

So may they all happiness bring,

And though I'm not plagued with a pension,

I'll still drink long life to the king.

Were an Indian divested of his forest an Irish hut might serve him as a model for mud architecture, having first obtained permission, an Irish peasant will carefully adapt his situation to the misery of his prospects, his elevated notions seldom exceeding the acclima of some ample ditch adapted to his purpose. This in the first instance he sedulously excavates, leaving an altitude by which he forms the two sides of a parallelogram, and consequently a third with no great additional labour, the interior redundancy is next spread to fill up all exterior inequalities, and form a beautiful level, shelving on all sides, to the stagnant water of the dyke, which incloses his habitation; the utility of which water he deems incalculably useful, serving him as it does, for all these indispensable purposes, so happily adapted to his comforts both culinary or otherwise. Thus does he complete one portion of his edifice with the exception of a

small aperture meant for a doorway, to which is attached a quadrangular instrument, a faggot drawn in occasionally to keep out the inclemency of the season; he next collects some rude materials, a few branches to bear the weight of what he denominates a *scrabogue*; these are cut into long thin rods which lap over each other, sustained by their own pressure, and what with the exterior atmosphere, and a genial warmth from the interior, these are ever in a state of youthful germination. Induced by the climate and the soft verdure of the eminence, here the dog is seen to repose enjoying his hapless situation, hunger and ease; the goat, likewise, is seen to ruminate, and though last not least in favour, the pig, the most companionable of all other inmates, lies listlessly slumbering through the happy meridian of an Irish clime. No wonder the excited traveller should be struck with just astonishment when he thus beholds such an assemblage all mingling together; at the approach of eve, then are indiscriminately collected the whole group. The fertility of the soil bearing a perfect analogy to its prolific inhabitants, the Irish peasant is truly blessed in this particular, besides with smoke so intense proceeding from every orifice, which must lead him at once to suppose, these had taken up their residence there, supplied by the Almighty with suitable organs to exist in fire, what wonder then if these wretches strive to emigrate, confident as they are of their state of misery and that any change must ameliorate their situation, for true it is, let what will happen, an Irish peasant has been steeled to such adversity there is no change or clime which he will not endure, and which is not preferable to the unenviable situation

he maintained amongst his most unfeeling and exalted neighbours.

The recent elections in Ireland have tended more to the demoralization of that country than a century has accomplished with the worst of precedents heretofore. A certain Peer some years back influenced another wealthy personage to abandon a borough of which he was a member, with an undisputed privilege. A family interest was then assailed by these wealthy innovators, and bribery was resorted to with every calculation on its unerring effect. The subtle agents who conducted the affair on either side became particularly on the alert; the list of freeholders was scrupulously examined, and the bad from the virtuous were quickly resorted to. It was nothing unusual to pay at this period even twenty pounds for an interest or a vote, and so in the proportion of each, among this venal tribe a fellow who possessed more effrontery than his fellows, sold his vote at five pounds, adding he might have got twice that amount from the contending party, but such were his virtuous principles he could not be persuaded to leave his old friends and the family with whom he was always in collision. The accomplished agent well suspecting his motives gave him a look extraordinary, which had the desired effect, he accordingly waited on the opposite agent, took the bribe and appeared at the hustings; being there asked with whom he voted, he modestly declared in favour of the five pounds, still retaining the other ten in his pocket, and so walked off without further interrogation. Thus were elections in Ireland conducted for the past years; thank God all forty shilling suffrage is now at a close, and bribery of course out of question.

(39) The exterior atmosphere in Canada, is sometimes insupportable. I have known people frozen to death in many places, who were so unfortunate as to venture where assistance could not be procured at the instant; there are certain days even the very Indians will not face the frigidity of the climate.

Old Nick took a fancy, as many men tell,
To come for a winter to live in Sorel
Yet the snow fell so deep as he came in his sleigh,
That his fingers and toes were frost-nipt on the way,
In truth, saith the demon, who'd ever suppose,
I must go back again with the loss of all those;
In either extreme, sure it matters me not,
If I freeze upon earth or at home I'm too hot,
So he put back his sleigh, for he thought it amiss,
His clime to compare to a climate like this;
And now 'tis resolved that this frightful new-comer,
Will winter in hell and be here in the summer.

(40) The snow in Lower Canada during the winter falls to a prodigious height; the timber of ordinary dimensions during that season becomes wholly imperceptible, and people pass over them with the strictest composure.

The land of William Henry is a perfect compilation of sand not worth the labouring, the people about chiefly support themselves on timber with which they supply the different proprietors of steam vessels at the most reduced price for labour.

To make a road in Canada during the winter requires some labour, the horse and sleigh must first mark out the direction, the sleigh of course unladen; in the track, then made, you have then to stick small branches at both sides in the snow at proportionable distances, to make out the way in future, which otherwise would

become imperceptible at each succeeding fall of snow. This process is most fatiguing to the poor beast, who is often unable to proceed; in such instances the man must proceed and trample a passage, the snow thus consolidated renders the matter less difficult; a few journeys performed in this way complete the process.

(41) This episode to be continued in canto 2d, 3d and 4th.

(42) A Canadian stud horse with one miserable cow were the only remnant of my stock which survived the winter.

SHANTY SONG.

TO A NEW AND APPROPRIATE AIR.

We leave all is dear, at the falling year,
 'Fore the bleak snows come and the frosts appear,
 O'er the wide lakes we creep,
 Rocked by the billows sleep,
 And through the rough rapids we boldly steer.
 Then row, brothers row,
 Let the rude winds blow,
 Shove the canoe like ranting boys,
 With liquor and good cheer,
 And none an heart to fear.
 Merry be the woodland shanting boys.

To dangers we go, where the snow storms blow,
 And the ice-bound rivers cease to flow,
 Where the axe with the sound,
 In the valleys resound,
 As we chaunt to the woodlands, row boys, row,
 Then row brothers, row, &c. &c. &c.

When the danger's aft; on the merry raft,
 All safe to the distant port we go,

With brave Britons to cheer,
As with light hearts we near,
How joyful to join in the yoo-heave-ho.
Then row, brothers, row.

Now the winter's pass'd, and the snow storm's blast,
And the summer smiles, and the rivers go,
How happy to dwell,
In each lone loved dell :
Blow high, blow low, where our light hearts glow,
Then row, brothers, row,
Let the rude winds blow,
Shove the canoe, like ranting boys,
With good liquour to cheer,
And none an heart to fear,
Merry be the woodland shanting boys.

END OF THE EMIGRANT.

THE ENIGMA.

Then you produce, now
How joyful to join in the two-beat-
As with light hands we meet,
With better rhythm to meet,

Merry be the woodland spending days,
 And none as heart to heart,
 With good liquor to cheer,
 On the green, the rustling leaves,
 And the soft winds blow,
 The sweet perfume, now,
 How high, how low, where our light hearts glow,
 In each the love that :
 How happy to dwell,
 And the summer miles, and the river go,
 How the winning breeze, and the green stream's gleam,

RECEIVED MAY 20 1966

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

TO SYLVIA.

Ah gentle Sylvia, tell me why
You spend your lonely hours in grief?
How have I seen that sparkling eye
To saddest souls give quick relief?
These ready smiles I see not, dear,
That once adorned thy rosy cheek—
This deep presage of sadness here,
Perhaps thy peaceful slumbers break.
Say is it Love? ill-fated Fair,
That feeds upon thy rosy bloom;
Ah! gentle Sylvia, don't despair,
Some kindred fate may change thy gloom.
If 'tis to Love thee gives thee pain,
No greater pain can Love depict;
I feel the tortures I sustain,
Yet why on you like pains inflict.
Each joyless hour I spend from thee,
Gives double pangs I thus impart;
You feel the pangs are felt by me,
For thou art mistress of my heart.

No wonder then if Sylvia grieve,
 She only feels her lover's woe ;
 She breathes a soul to her I give—
 What more on earth can I bestow ?

THE SCHOOLBOY CRIB AND BLACKBIRD.

Sweet sable bird, with orange beak,
 And fluttering wings and tongue so glib,
 How overjoyed am I to take
 So plump a prisoner in my crib.

Thy shriller notes me little move,
 Thou warbling songster you should blush,
 To lurk so silent in the grove,
 As if bleak winter bade thee hush.

In vain you plead, thou tuneless thing,
 What tho' to kill thee I am loathe,
 'Twill not wait nine months till spring*
 Why death meantime may take us both.

The feeble wren pours out his lay,
 The blushing red-breast lends his aid,
 The lark proclaims the break of day,
 Whilst you keep chattering in the shade.

Thou shameless bird that will not sing,
 I've rightly caught thee by surprise,
 What luxuries to me you bring—
 Prepare for death ! the schoolboy cries.

* The blackbird sings but three months in the year. . .

Ill-fated bird, with fearless tread,
 What though the deed all else reprove—
 Yet thou has lost thy tuneful head
 That yet might warble through the grove.

TO THE HUMANE MRS. FOOT AND CARLETON.

The humble petition of John Sweeney, aged eighty four, in behalf
 of his little black dog, for which he is to pay tribute on Friday next,
 by order of your Worships.

I'm now full four score years or more,
 And had my share of misery—
 Your worship's pity I implore,
 And ask this fond request of ye—

Full six long years my darling boy
 These aged eyes did not behold,
 Who bravely did his arms employ
 And fought for conquest, not for gold.

When parting from his aged sire,
 A filial pledge he gave to me—
 This faithful dog, to guard my fire,
 And to his post like true to be.

This little favorite many a year,
 Took shelter in my humble cot,
 And when my much loved dog drew near,
 My veteran son was not forgot.

Small is the wretch now doomed to die,
 Though small the tribute I must pay,
 Yet for my life I can't supply,
 So small a sum within the day.

Then what will be poor Pincher's fate ?

This aged cheek I'll wash with tears,
 Sorrow must melt my long loved mate,

If our loved favorite disappears,

Where snow white circle girds his neck,

I'd gladly tie some ponderous string ;

The smallest weight could surely check

The gambols of so small a thing.

His busy bark I'd gladly chide,

And mute shall be his shrillest note ;

When I am blind he yet may guide

My tottering limbs to lands remote.

Nature will serve our scant supply,

For he is small since I am poor,

I yet may crave a passing sigh,

When misery leads me to your door.

Yet if my dog you should release,

'Mong listening neighbours I will tell—

I'll sound thy praise in every verse

At morning's chime or evening bell.

THE POETICAL CONSENT.

Your keys no wonder you forget,

Your very heart you left behind ;

I send you those, yet oh, till death shall part us,

With love and truth your heart I'll bind.

I'll wreath it round with constant vows,

I'll more enslave thee every hour,

A laurel chain shall bind thy brows,

And I'll appear thy own fond sun flower.

Through many a scene in gay delight

You've seen the fairest of the fair,

Since love has marked thy destined flight,

And fixed thy fond affections here.

I'll rove with thee where thou has roved,

Since thou hast fondly made thee mine ;

I'll brave the angry storms unmoved,

Through distant seas and warmest clime.

EPITAPH ON AN ATTORNEY.

Here lieth an attorney who went upon a journey,

The Lord knows where ;

If all the fraternity went with him to eternity,

The devil may care !

TO W. S. BARRY, PROFESSOR OF MUSIC,

ON SEEING A PIANO FORTE TAKEN ASUNDER TO BE NEWLY

HARMONISED.

Poor tuneless thing, I see thee thus
 Thy fragments would unquiescent,
 Yet soon shall magic hand supply
 Thy soft accents to recall
 Taught by his touch thy wandering strain
 Shall breathe again a softer lay,
 I soon shall hear thy lively train
 His matchless harmony obey.
 'Tis his the hand, 'tis thine the heart
 To breathe aloud the poet's praise,
 His noblest fancy to impart,
 And add more lustre to his lays,
 With many a song shall I requite
 The hand that doth such sweetness give,
 I'll dwell on thee with more delight
 If my rude touch thou canst forgive.

EPIGRAM.

EPIGRAM ON AN ATTORNEY.

TO A LADY WHO WAS KISSED BY THE POET AFTER DRINKING

ASSAFÖETIDA.

With joy I take the captured kiss,
 And find sweet nectar in the bliss,
 Though poison were to him that sips,
 An antidote is on thy lips.

TO MARIA.

I don't know what to make of you,

You're sometimes false and sometimes true,
Sometimes vexed and sometimes pleasing,

Acting thoughtless or deceiving.

Wilt thou forget this constant heart?

Friendship love should I impart,

O, no, my love, I need not tell

How long we loved you know full well

Will thou remember days are gone—

The blissful hours we spent alone?

Panting sighs and parting blazes,

Tears that made me drink your kisses.

O, can it be that you deceive me—

Can my very heart's blood leave me?

If an angel heart beguiles,

Take back your kisses and your smiles.

They'll badly wear when you dissemble,

Chaste oaths and vows they won't resemble,

False smiles, false kisses, and false sighs,

A perjured maiden well supplies.

Yet if my love you mean to vex me,

By jealous fears or thus perplex me,

Take pity, or for heaven's sake,

My very heart-strings you may break.

The harp that sounds and gives delight,
 Is pressed upon by fingers light,
 With magic note it then resounds,
 And all with harmony abounds.

But if you rudely touch the string,
 No greater melody 'twill bring ;
 You burst the chords are played upon,
 And the weak minstrel is undone.

Gaiety may mix around you,
 Youthful lovers may surround you,
 Yet be constant and be true,
 Love me still as I love you.

I love thee still and I adore thee,
 I ask for pity, and implore thee
 Grant me love, one sacred kiss
 And all you've done is naught amiss.

TO MARIA.

She is not beauteous, all that's fair,
 Yet she is witty and sincere ;
 Her smile can speak her eye can tell
 Far more than beauty's brightest bell.

She's not what painted art requires,
 Like gaudy butterflies that rove ;
 But she's what fancy most requires,
 A strict resemblance unto love.

She's not the rainbow's tinted ark,
 But she is heavenly and serene ;
 One shines and glitters like a spark,
 It beams and quickly fades again.

She's not the lily's purest white,
 With glancing eyes of azure hue ;
 Her rosy smiles give more delight
 Than pearly drops of mountain dew.

She's all that's lovely, all that's rare,
 To her I'd fondly give my heart ;
 Steal from the world, nor let a care
 One faithless sigh or woe impart.

TO A SHEET OF PAPER.

Paper, made for every use,
 You bear the lovers kind excuse,
 The pompous patriot's crafty guile,
 The lofty pedant's classic style,
 Through seas you go and don't refuse,
 To bring each foreign land the news ;
 The world's secrets thou dost know,
 From whence our joys or sorrows flow,
 The mighty dead by thee are raised,
 And God himself divinely praised,
 All things past present and to be—
 Eternity is wrapped in thee.

THE RED BREAST TO MISS WOODWARD.

High on a shelf where rich brocade
 With many a costly robe lay lying,
 A fearless robin long surveyed,
 And spent his time in ceaseless sighing.

Affection's warmest fancy there
 Long taught the bird to find good nature ;
 She fled the bower yet found a fair,
 Whose sweetness glowed in every feature.

Dear, gentle maid, whose look inspires
 The conscious bird at thy command,
 No greater liberty requires
 Than captivated by thy hand.

To thee with haste the flutterer goes,
 As birds were wont in Eden's bower,
 To wake fair Eve from soft repose,
 When she was sinless at that hour.

How blest to pour its morning lay,
 When all was innocence like thee ;
 And nature proudly did obey
 Like nymph endowed with sanctity.

Then heaven inspired the warbler's tongue,
 To pour its love in every glade ;
 Yet when lost Eve her bosom wrung,
 It fled the sadness of the shade.

EDWARD.

Domestic bird ! by nature's law
 Thy instinct rightly bids thee rove
 Go now exchange for bed of straw*
 To dwell with tenderness and love.

And since in truth the pilfered fair
 Thou wilt repay with many a sonnet,
 Do steal one lock from Sylvia's hair
 And press thy throbbing bosom on it.

TO HOWELL, THE SHOEMAKER,

WHO MADE ILL SHAPED SHOES FOR THE BEAUTIFUL MARIA.

Pray tell me Howell whats the reason
 You make such nasty clogs for Moll ?
 Whene'er her slender limbs I gaze on,
 This beauteous mymph I must extol.

Her nice brown hair so gently sliding,
 Her caps and combs and curls too,
 Her snow white shoes she takes such pride in,
 All would seem lovely but for you.

Thou vilest hand with vilest leather,
 Why shoe this Goddess like an ass,
 Whose feet as light as any feather,
 With safaty well may move on glass.

*A rustic bonnet of that texture in which the bird nestled during the absence of this young lady.

Such fairy Queen thou I'll canst fit,
 Would't thou Diana's feet adorn !
 You should sprig pearls around her feet
 Nor thus her lovely limbs deform.

Diamond clasps should best inclose,
 Rubies deck her sandals rare,
 Adamant should bind her toes
 Pure and sweet as gessamere.

O, Howell ! well I take the odds
 A fairy's foot you'll never grace,
 You'll not make sandals for the gods,
 Nor fit Diana for the chase.

TO AN OYSTER.

Oh thou whose intellects and mind,
 Alike thy body are confined,
 Who in vast ocean loves to dwell,
 Contented in thy lonely shell,
 What accident has brought thee here ?
 Thou doth God's messenger appear,
 To prove that pearls are worthless things.
 By oysters worn as well as kings !

THE END

Monet
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WHO MADE

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